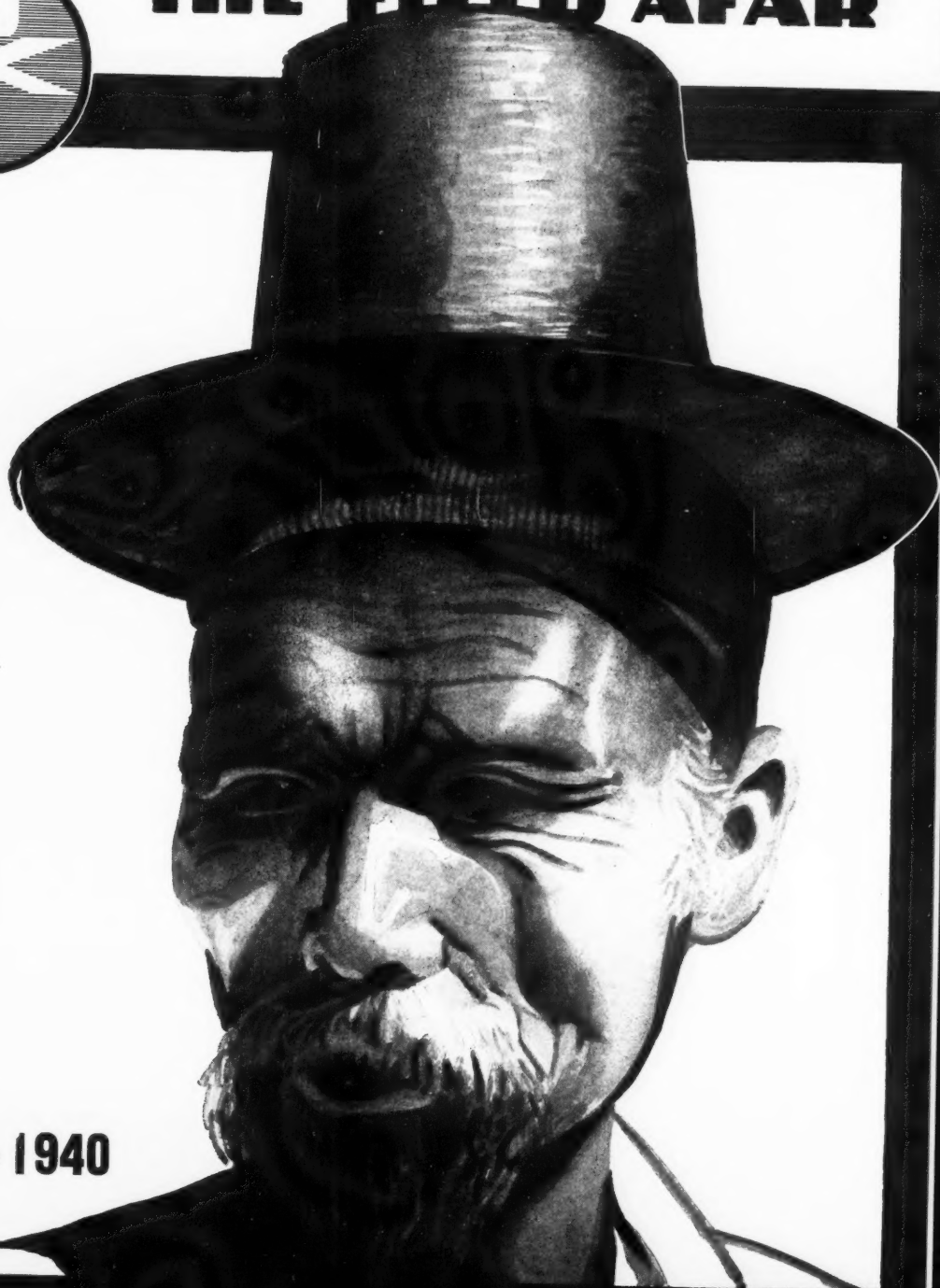


MARYKNOLL



THE FIELD AFAR



FEBRUARY • 1940



*Archbishop Mitty gives farewell blessings to
Maryknoll Sisters leaving for the Orient.*

St. Mary's Cathedral

San Francisco

MARYKNOLL

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions, which includes two societies, one for priests and Brothers and the other for Sisters. Including candidates, the two groups total 1,270.

Central headquarters for both societies are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of priests are maintained in various sections of the country from Massachusetts to California.

The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States

as a national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911.

In seven large areas of the Orient — in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea — Maryknollers are laboring among 20,000,000 pagan souls.

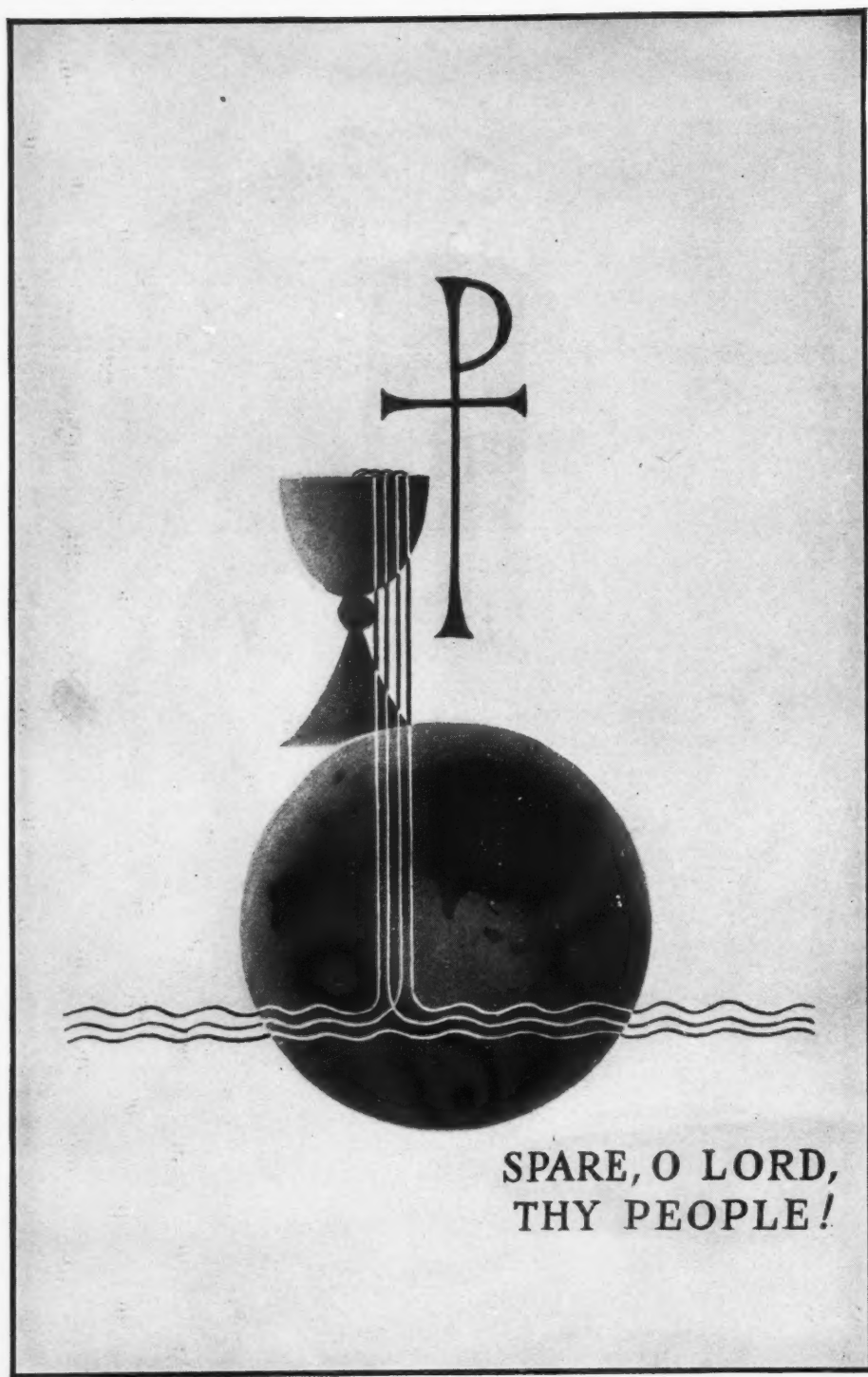
The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is *The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.* That of the Maryknoll Sisters is *The Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc.*

THE FIELD AFAR

FEBRUARY, 1940 (Vol. XXXIV, No. 2)

Talk of the Missions.....	Rev. John C. Murrett	3
A Captive's Letter.....	Translated by Rev. Ernest E. Mailhot	4
Spade Work.....	Most Rev. Adolph J. Paschang	6
Come to Rome.....		7
Our World of Missions.....	V. Rev. John J. Considine	8
Things You Never Knew.....	Vincent Renian	10
By Armchair to God.....	Rev. Edward J. Manning	11
Knoll Notes.....		12
Editorials		14
A Day With Fushun's Orphans.....	Brother Peter	16
Valentine from Rome.....	Maryknoll Sisters' Page	18
The Age of Persecution.....		20
Amazing Discovery.....	Bamboo Wireless	21
Among Our Friends.....		22
Odyssey of a Manchu Doctor.....	Dr. Lin Shu Ch'ing	24
In Journeyings Often.....	Sister M. Rosalia	26
Lady in White.....	Rev. Arthur F. Allie	28
The Maryknoll Bookshelf.....		29
On the Maryknoll Newsfront.....	Father Winthrop	30
Maryknoll Addresses.....		33

Subscription rates: \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. Make checks and money orders payable to: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y. *The Field Afar* is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, to be found in public libraries. Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921.



SPARE, O LORD,
THY PEOPLE!

TALK OF THE MISSIONS



HANDICAPPED BUT HAPPY

An old fable came true in Wuchang, China, when Big Joe Chow and Little Jo Lee started going to church together. Both of them lodge in this mission's home for the crippled. Big Joe is blind, and Little Joe is crippled, so Little Joe, clinging to Big Joe, serves as guide while Big Joe's legs serve both for locomotion. That's the way they come to church, and they're laughing and joking all the way.

A SAVING SENSE

The Brothers of the Sacred Heart, who conduct St. Aloysius College in Gulu, Uganda, have a saving sense of humor. In spite of the handicaps under which the Brothers are working, they find time to note interesting items like this: "One of the students suffering from headache was given an aspirin; in an hour he returned to the infirmarian with the remark: 'I rubbed it on my forehead, and the pain is gone. I give you back the magic pill.' We were laughing about the incident during supper, when the cook sent in a well-frosted layer cake, propped up on eight raw onions. When queried he answered, 'I didn't want the icing to overflow.' However, we do have lucid intervals."

POSTMASTER'S HOLIDAY

Just three years ago old Chang Hui-chang retired after long years of service in the Post Office. He was a Catholic and bethought himself of how he could spend his declining years in caring for his neighbors' spiritual welfare. By talking with some of his friends and acquaintances about the Church and their souls, he has given to his native market town of Mulantien a completely new and a fairly complete *Christianity*. So many converts has he won that they were able to rent a large clubhouse comprising many rooms, all of which they have painted and repaired. A chapel was fitted out at the converts' own expense. Now old Chang is looking for new postal routes to conquer.

CHURCH IN PERU

On ground belonging to one of the four big Japanese elementary schools in Lima, Peru, a Catholic church is in

course of construction. The foundation stone was laid a few months ago and solemnly blessed by the Most Reverend Peter F. Farfan, Archbishop of Lima, in the presence of the Japanese Minister and many other leading personages of the Japanese Colony. The *Peru Jiho* and the *Lima Ningo*, principal organs of the Japanese press in Peru, devoted considerable space and much favorable comment to the event. The church is a gift from the Japanese Colony to a Sister of Charity, attached to a local hospital, who has won their hearts by her devoted care of Japanese immigrants during the last thirty-two years.

PIONEER

Fifty-eight years ago a young priest, Father Conrad Abels, left his native Holland for the little-known country of Jehol. In all that time he remained at his post, and this year the aged vicar apostolic, Bishop Abels, celebrated the diamond jubilee of his ordination, but he was too weak to be present at the Solemn Mass which his confreres sang for him. Hard work amid great difficulties is the venerable bishop's recipe for a long life.

"BOYS' TOWN" CONVERT IN CHINA

The latest and perhaps most distant victory of Father Flanagan's "Boys' Town" was won in a leading Peiping theater when a young Chinese university student saw the film and went directly to tell a priest friend that "I, too, want to become a Catholic."

"Boys' Town," shown in Peiping for over a week, was very favorably received.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS

An achievement that will greatly enhance the prestige of Catholic schools in mission lands was the rank of "first place" accorded to the mission school at Pokwana. All schools in the district took part in this year's competition, but the Catholic school was "tops" since its pupils were awarded twenty prizes.

This outstanding success is to be ascribed chiefly to the effective work of the Sisters, who impart instruction in the manual arts, for most of the prizes that the children received were for their exquisite productions in sewing, crocheting, knitting, and weaving.





"I wanted to save his life, but he refused all my entreaties."

A Captive's Letter

Among the first Japanese martyrs was Blessed John Ingoro, a victim for the Faith in 1609.

TO the Christians, in the district of Yachchiro, my brethren in Christ: Since my arrest I have been unable to get any word to you. I write now, begging your prayers that I may have the grace to continue strong in our holy Faith.

When I was brought before the governor, Kakuzayemon, he said: "Your profession of the Faith prohibited by the lord of this district is a capital offense and exposes you to a severe denunciation; nevertheless, if you will recant, you can still be saved."

"Sir," I answered, "nothing on earth would give me greater happiness or a greater opportunity of offering to God constant acts of thanksgiving than the privilege of suffering and pouring out my blood for the love of His Divine Majesty. All my meditations and prayers are directed to this end. Your Lordship must see, therefore, how little the return of my earthly possessions would mean to me."

Then, drawing me into his private chamber, he interrogated me further: "Whence, O brother, comes so strange a joy at such a time as this?"

"In times past," I replied, "when reading the principal writings of the Japanese sects, I was often struck by the absurdities and untruths they expressed. Studying them more carefully and realizing that they ignored the Creator of heaven and earth, I concluded that the whole of creation was due to mere chance. To desire the salvation of the soul and to direct one's energies toward that end seemed to me then pure vanity. The things of this life alone appeared worthy of esteem."

"It happened about this time that a man named Finnocami, a Christian called Augustine, received a grant of the territories of Mouro, my native place. Thereupon this new lord exhorted all his subjects to embrace the religion which he himself professed.

At first the discourses did not convince me, and I often argued with the preachers. Later, when I came to Yachchiro, I told some of the Christians of my misgivings concerning the immortality of the soul. Unable to settle my doubts themselves, they offered to seek the solution from the members of the Society of Jesus. But I had such an exalted opinion of myself, and I was so filled with pride and arrogance, that I felt no priest or Brother could argue with me on these matters.

"There returned from Korea about this time Diego Mimaszka Konichi, whose eloquence, fervor, and exemplary conduct were instrumental in converting to the Faith of Christ the majority of the nobility and the people of Yachchiro—among these, myself, the most obstinate of all. Before receiving Baptism, I studied carefully and pondered over the claims of Christianity. Finally I grasped the

truth that it would be impossible for the Creator of the universe not to exist and that His laws are true and infallible."

Kakuzayemon began to laugh and said: "It would be amusing indeed if I, the examiner, who must enforce the edicts published against the Christians, were to be converted by them. True, I have never considered *Amida* and *Chaco* as saviors, and it does not seem to me that to say *Namou*, *Amidabout* suffices to assure salvation, as the bonzes tell us. On the other hand, I hold the same opinion in regard to Christians, for I do not believe that they, by pronouncing the names of *Jesus* and *Mary*, without accomplishing any good work, can be saved. Finally, I do not see why we should place so much credence in the doctrine of the Fathers just because they come from the farthest regions of the earth to teach with great eloquence and ardor the history of their countries."

To this I hastily made reply: "It is not the eloquence of the Fathers which convinces me of the truth, but the force of their reasons. These reasons captivate my intelligence, and the thought of having to die because of my Christian Faith is at this moment, and every moment, a source of great joy."

"Many courageous men have thought no more of death than of a bundle of straw," was the governor's rejoinder, "but up to this time no one,

PRAYER, vocations, offerings are indispensable needs of the missions.

—Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi

in my opinion, has shown himself more intrepid and joyful at the thought of death than you, and if I did not see it with my own eyes I would not believe it possible."

"Your Lordship," I explained, "this happiness and contentment and my fearlessness of death come from no other cause than the absolute conviction that there exists a future life and a Creator of all. This truth is as real to me as though I could touch it with my hand."

"You believe simply and without reserve everything that the Fathers tell you? It grieves me that a man as good and generous as you are thus courts death," pitied the governor.

"I do not believe that I am as simple and artless as Your Lordship seems to think. Often, before my baptism, while still deluded by the false precepts of the world and without belief in a future life, it was my misfortune to lead many individuals astray; but now I view things in a different light and hold as nothing that which the gentiles value highest—life itself. If, then, I am judged worthy to give this life for the love and glory of my Creator, with my whole heart do I gladly exchange it for the happy and never-ending life of heaven. Would to God that Your Lordship believed the doctrine taught by the Fathers!

Then you, too, would confess and proclaim it proudly."

"Simon Takeda," confided Kakuzayemon, "was a compatriot and intimate friend of mine. I wanted to save his life, even at the cost of a finger from my own hand; but he refused all my entreaties. More than that, he exhorted the other Christians to remain steadfast in their Faith. His direct violation of the laws thus made it impossible for me to save him from death. Many times I begged him, 'If you, Takeda, understand the way of salvation, I implore you to explain it to me efficaciously, show me the indisputable evidence.' But he was forced to admit that he could not explain such things in words."

Finally the governor told me to consider myself a prisoner, but that he would intercede for my deliverance. I thanked him, adding, however, that I should be far more grateful if I were to have the pleasure of shedding my blood for Jesus Christ, my Savior.

Such in brief is the conversation I had with him. Help me to give thanks to God for the great grace of being made a prisoner for His love, and pray His Divine Majesty to have mercy on me, a miserable sinner. . . .

John Ingoro, from my prison at Kumamoto, in the year of Our Lord 1604.

Five years later Blessed John Ingoro received the palm of martyrdom.



"I was brought before the governor."



SPADE WORK

Bishop Adolph Paschang, Vicar of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission, discusses pioneering.

SEVERAL of our Kongmoon priests are working at setting up new missions. This takes a lot of physical and mental spade work. The man honored with this job takes his Mass kit and bed roll and goes to the assigned place away out yonder, where the Catholic Church is but a name known to a few only. Nobody welcomes him but those who hope to sell him pork and rice.

His first lookout is to get a roof over his head, and he goes on the prowl for a vacant house or shop that can be rented. You can be sure that none of the better houses are for rent. Sometimes a man is lucky enough to find a fairly good house, as houses go, that nobody lives in because it is haunted, or because somebody got leprosy there. Ordinarily he has to take what there is: a dark, dingy shop, with earthen floor and no windows—except where a brick has been pushed out of the rear wall. If there happens to be a second story it is only a wide shelf under the roof tiles. Such a place is not too bad in the winter time, but in summer the baking heat coming through the tiles will friz his hair—if he doesn't rub it off bumping against the rafters.

Here the hopeful pioneer begins a

public life. He won't be lonely, for plenty of people will come to look. A foreigner in a small town is as good as a monkey show any day. The youngsters will be the first to get friendly, so friendly that they will be underfoot all day and have to be herded out of the door at night so the missionary can stretch out on his board bed.

Parlor, refectory, boudoir, and chapel are all the same room, with kitchen adjoining. Visitors discussing the problems of the day, children squabbling over nothing, converts studying the catechism aloud, the cook splitting firewood, and everybody slapping mosquitoes, make such a din that the missionary has to shout to be heard. But he doesn't mind the noise so long as part of it is being made by somebody studying the catechism.

The man in such a place has two

big jobs to do at the same time, both taking much time and strength. He has to overcome prejudice, make friends, stir up interest in the Church, and get people to be willing to listen to his message. He has to find or make suitable a place to live in and do his work. Not that he despises his present quarters; on his mission rounds to the houses of his parish, he became used to the like. But then the experience was only for a few weeks at a time, after which he was able to rest and relax before going at it again. Now it is his year-round life while he seeks for a piece of land—suitably located and large enough to contain a small house, a church, and a school—and for the money to buy and build.

The first object of a missionary is to live, to live so that he can do his work properly. Camping out and roughing it is great stuff for a couple of weeks; but, if a missionary has to live for long periods as the poorest natives do, jangled nerves, insomnia, and malaria are sure results, and maybe heat-stroke. Certainly not old age.

The priests of this mission are now looking for good places to dig in, and I am looking for good benefactors to help them.



CHI-RHO
(Key-Roe)

Chi (X) and Rho (P) are the first two letters in the Greek word XPISTOS (Christ). The circle represents the world. "Bringing Christ to all the world" is the Maryknoll significance.

COME TO ROME

PIUS, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God,

To Our Beloved Son, William O'Shea, member of the Maryknoll Society for Foreign Missions, who has been designated Vicar Apostolic of Heijo and Titular Bishop of Naisso, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

The office of the Supreme Apostolate committed to Our Humility by the Eternal Prince of Pastors, by which We preside over the whole Christian world, places upon Us the obligation of seeing most diligently that over all Churches (especially those which have not yet been established as dioceses in pagan lands, and which require in a particular manner the special care of a vigilant Pastor) only such Prelates should be placed who are well acquainted, and who are able advantageously to feed, govern, and increase the flock of the Lord entrusted to them.

But, in order that these Prelates may more usefully perform their Office, it is only fitting that they be adorned with the episcopal character and dignity. On them, therefore, the Apostolic See is accustomed to confer the title of one of those Churches which formerly flourished in the splendor of virtue and the vigor of religion, although now, through the changes and ravages of time, they have lost the brilliance of their former glory. Since, therefore, the Apostolic Vicariate of Heijo, erected by Us in the Apostolic Letter, "*Si Catholica Res*," dated this very day, must now be provided with its Pastor, We, with the advice of Our Venerable Brethren, the Holy Roman Cardinals in charge of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, by Our Apostolic Authority, have chosen you . . . for that new Vicariate, and We place you in charge, and constitute you Vicar Apostolic. Likewise,



Our readers will find interesting this official document of the Holy See.

We fully commit to you the care, direction, and administration of the same Vicariate, not only in spiritual affairs, but also in the temporal, along with all the facilities and powers inherent in this Pastoral Office.

We, moreover, with the advice of the same Cardinals, wishing to invest you with the episcopal character and dignity, by Our same Supreme Authority, have elected you to the episcopal Church of Naisso . . . and We assign to you the title with all the

rights, privileges, duties, and obligations annexed to this sublime dignity. . . .

Wishing to manifest Our zeal for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ and Our special interest in the evangelical workers, We have decided to consecrate you Bishop by Our own hands in the solemn consecration of Bishops which, God so willing, We have determined to hold shortly. Wherefore you should come to Rome

(Continued on page 25)

Our World of Missions

Our note pages on men
and things missionary

ON a downtown corner of Cincinnati, with a drug-store and a cafe for background, Father Stephen Leven of Oklahoma gave a demonstration of street preaching last autumn to delegates of the Fifth National Catechetical Congress.

Street preaching is not new, since the Catholic Evidence Guild has made it an institution both here and in England. Of deep significance, however, is the point of view of Father Leven and so many other priests that the soap-box pulpit is not a bizarre little incidental for getting to a few non-Catholics who may chance to stop.

"I would rather consider," says Father Leven, "that when I preach on the street I am merely extending my work in the pulpit; I go out into the street simply because some of the people do not come into the church. In a word, I consider all of the people living within the geographical boundaries of my parish to be subjects of my ordinary care as a pastor."

Street preaching, to the priest who employs it, is a recognition of the same principle which sends the Maryknoller to Japan and China, which puts Catholic missionaries in every country under the sun. It is part of a practical working plan for getting to the "lost sheep," that is, the Catholics who are not practicing, and to the "other sheep," the non-Catholics and non-Christians who live within the territory assigned to the care of each individual pastor.

The priest in the homeland who has this view feels very close to the priest who sails overseas to labor in other parcels of territory which as yet possess no local priests and for which the Church as a whole has equal responsibility. This is revealed in Father Leven himself, a relatively young man who has become widely known in the United States through his zeal for the apostolate. Father Leven has since seminary days been deeply devoted to all priests engaged in the world apostolate of the Church and recently made a pilgrimage to the

grave of Bishop James Anthony Walsh, Maryknoll's founder, who, he explains, has always been an inspiration to him in his daily efforts for the "lost" and the "others" whom he finds within the confines of his parish.

The magazine of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, *The Shield*, calls the attention of its readers to Father Leven's work and very aptly reminds its world of young people that this point of view is not reserved to our priests.

"The task of bringing in the 'other sheep,'" says *The Shield*, "belongs principally to the priests, since they

the day of His ascension into Heaven: 'Teach all nations,' 'Preach the gospel to every creature.'

"We must be more active in going to seek and bring back the 'lost sheep' and the 'other sheep.' We must go where these are to be found. To change the figure of speech, we must again, in Our Lord's words, be 'fishers of men.' But it is not enough if we 'fish' only in our churches and our schools. As Father Leven says, 'No true fisherman would be content to sit at home by the side of a goldfish bowl.'"

Wings for the Cross—

A large-framed and large-visioned priest spoke to us at Maryknoll some time ago regarding his hopes in the way of aid he might give to missionaries everywhere. He was Father Schulte, the Oblate "flying priest."

Father Schulte is a specialist. He has taken one detail of the great mission problem and hopes to make a contribution toward provision in its regard. The detail is the conveyance by which the missionary will make his journey. It is a practical point, and one on which many missionaries have expended much thought, many vain regrets.

There are missionaries in China who consume weeks with journeys which, were there but roads and conveyances, could be made in a few hours. When the roads come the conveyances are still lacking, and here Father Schulte hopes to help.

Father Schulte's experience as an air pilot has taught him that in many portions of the world it is unwise and unnecessary to wait for roads. There are the great broad heavens; and he has demonstrated in the frozen north, where his confreres labor among Canadian trappers, Indians, and Eskimos, that an airplane can heighten the usefulness of missionaries enormously.

We hope many will interest themselves in Father Schulte's work, for it is symbolic as well as practical. "Aperire terram ad gentes"—"To open the earth to the nations"—is a missionary fundamental. We need



Father Paul Schulte, O.M.I.,
"The Flying Priest"

are the visible representatives of the Good Shepherd in their respective localities. This task of bringing the Faith to the non-Catholics in the United States becomes then a parish responsibility, and, in meeting it, every pastor needs the devoted help of all his Catholic parishioners. When the pastor invites his flock to share this responsibility, he is calling them to take part in Catholic Action; he is inviting them to share the mission of Jesus Christ, given to the Apostles on

the paths, the conveyances, the apostolic men and women to make the journeys. But we need as well the freedom for the journeys. As men plunge at each other in war, we ask ourselves—and turn to God alone for the answer—if savage hate is to be victor, to close many roadways of the world to the missionary. May God grant that the planes, automobiles, cars, bicycles, and other conveyances of Father Schulte and our missionaries everywhere may not be forced to halt their odysseys for the cross.

No Foreign Schools in Iran—

When mission work begins in a land, the Church must be foreign through default of any body of local citizens who can make it domestic. As the Faith secures a foothold, native priests appear, and the well-established nucleuses of Catholics are ministered to by sons of the soil. Foreign apostles must remain for the task of advance, and often the special enterprises of the Church, whether in education or in charity, must be conducted by missionaries from abroad.

So long as this is necessary, however, the Church is at a grave disadvantage, for it continues to be branded as foreign.

What this can mean is illustrated by recent developments in Iran, the country which we have been long accustomed to call Persia.

During 1939 the Government of Iran decreed that all schools must be under Iranian guidance, that no institutions may be foreign. Iran is strongly Moslem and the Church has been able to gain but a very tenuous hold upon the people. Our schools are very few in number, but they have been frankly foreign and now we have practically no local Catholic educator prepared to assume control. The Government is not positively hostile and would be quite satisfied to see the schools remain in Catholic hands provided the Catholics were Iranian. Failing this, our institutions must close or pass to the Moslems.

We can do little about it in Iran. In other countries, however, such as China and India, a similar attitude is being assumed ever more strongly by local authorities, and we shall be wise if we so build that local Catholics are



OUTDOOR DISPENSARY AT SINGYANGCHOW

A Sister of the Mission Congregation of Servants of the Holy Ghost dispensing medicine and grace. This congregation, called in America the Techny Sisters, celebrated recently the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Besides centers in this country, the Sisters have missions in Japan, China, India, the Philippines, East Indies, and New Guinea.

prepared as quickly as possible for the task.

Let us have no illusions; the foreigner is unwelcome in practically every mission land of the globe. When we go abroad with God's message, we must seek as quickly as possible to make it indigenous to the soil in which we labor. We are guests in other people's countries, not wanted for any benefits we may believe we bring, and indeed bringing very few benefits except that single priceless one, the benefit of faith in, and fellowship with, Jesus Christ. Let there be no flag waving, no vaunting of superior

accomplishments; merely the preaching of Christ and Him Crucified.

South America Looms—

Seven Jesuits have entered the Language School of the Society in Peiping. They are worthy of special attention for the reason that they all hail from South America, the first mission band of native sons from that continent to go to the Far East. The new arrivals are from Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, and Colombia.

Colombia has taken another important step forward in a missionary way by opening a national foreign-mission seminary.

Certainly, all who pray for a vigorous pursuit of the missionary ideal throughout the Church will be pleased with this, for as yet South American Catholics have been somewhat negative in the world affairs of the Church. With the weakening of Europe, South America has a role of increased importance to play. The Church has still many problems on the continent itself, but there are wealth, vigor, and idealism among these peoples, much as among us of the north. They are of the new world; they still gaze as do we upon horizons which beckon in hope.

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America was founded in 1911 with the encouragement of the hierarchy. Today it numbers more than twelve hundred members, laboring among twenty millions of souls. . . . Maryknollers have already won a place of honor at the side of the most promising missionary families of other nations.

—Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi in Radio address

Things You Never Knew

CHINA and *politeness* are generally regarded as synonymous terms, yet not infrequently Chinese etiquette appears boring to the uninitiated foreigner. While modern life in many of its phases has permeated China, the cultured Chinese at home still reverence the ancient customs of their forefathers. Most Chinese would be too polite to show irritation should a foreigner disregard or be ignorant of Chinese etiquette, yet their estimation of a man will habitually be in direct proportion to his observance of proper etiquette. Nor is Chinese politeness merely superficial and hypocritical. The suavity of manner and urbanity with which the street coolies address each other are remarkable, despite the fact that when quarrels arise both are past masters of billingsgate.

Nearly seventy-five years ago several Europeans were murdered by villagers near a treaty port. Investigation revealed that they had unwittingly disregarded observances dear to the hearts of the people. While walking through the rice fields along the narrow dykes where single file is a necessity, they came upon an old man carrying a burden on his shoulder pole. When the old fellow failed to make way for them, they pushed him into the rice field of water and mud and strode on. The following day they made the same journey. Nearing the old man's village, they were attacked and beaten to death by the man's friends and relatives. At

the subsequent trial it was brought out that the foreigners had violated two sacred precepts: they had failed to make way for a man with a burden, and they had mistreated an old man. The villagers had treated the culprits just as they would one of their own. Today the Chinese are more alert to the ignorance and boorishness of the strangers, and such scenes never occur; little is expected of the "foreign devil."

Spectacles should not be worn when addressing a superior.



A Chinese will not remain seated while his host stands. The same applies towards one of equal or superior social rank. Chinese will answer a question by turning the interrogation into the affirmative. Curt, short replies are considered impolite. A father will refer to his wife as his son's mother. He will not walk with her in public; she trails in the rear. If a Chinese owes you money, be careful not to dun him in public. Ask him to loan you an equal amount. He will know what you mean!

Not to make noises at a banquet indicates lack of appreciation for the food of your host. Be prepared to be asked the most intimate and often embarrassing questions: How old are you? Are you married? How many wives do you have? How much profit do you make in a year? Where are you going, and what are you going to do? How much did this cost? Such queries are common and acceptable. The Chinese answer them without hesitation.

The upper classes do not allow their servants to serve them without wearing full clothing, although the coolie delights in removing his shirt in warm weather. The old-timers dislike spectacles; they believe such should not be worn while addressing an equal or superior. While sun hats and rain hats are removed before entering a house, the skull cap and modern felt hat may be worn indoors, especially in winter. A Chinese does not remove his hat as a sign of respect, nor does he shake hands with you. He considers it more sanitary to shake his own. He hands even the smallest item to you with both hands and expects you to receive it from him in like manner.

At meals, men and women usually eat separately. Children take their places only when told to do so by their elders. Having finished your meal, you may leave the table, admonishing the others to "eat leisurely." However, this custom is not universal; it is also acceptable to remain until all have finished. At the formal dinner, where the left hand is the place of honor, the host must remain until all have eaten.

When a visit is paid to a friend or

(Continued on page 25)



By Armchair To God

IF armchairs had pedigrees, this one undoubtedly would be classed as a mongrel. Of uncertain age but certainly of weird and wobbly manufacture, it gathered dust and dog hairs in the obscurest corner of the kitchen. Outlawed, as it were, by polite society, it had, nevertheless, a noble destiny, inasmuch as it played a part in the journey of a soul to God.

Chang, the catechist, added two new names to his list when he discovered a nineteen-year-old paralytic and his mother. Both were eager to hear of the Christ who had healed the lame and the blind and who still dwelt on earth (so this teacher said) in certain tabernacles.

The lessons went forward, God bestowed the gift of faith, and the time drew near for baptism. But there

From Father Edward J. Manning, of Richmond Hill, New York, missionary in Manchukuo

was a problem: the invalid would have to be carried to the church. A husky volunteer settled that. Then arose

the question: on what would he lie during the baptismal ceremony and the Mass that followed? The pastor was stumped until he stubbed his toe on the answer to his problem—the forlorn armchair, dreaming dustily of past glories.

And so the cook brushed vigorously, made a successful search for the missing castor, and finally deposited the chair beside the stove, very close to the sanctuary.

There it stood proudly the next morning, its shaky old legs braced to hold the slight weight that lay twisted in its arms. In due course, the saving waters were poured, and the priest

(Continued on page 21)



Brooding over a game of chess—

A PEEP at the scene of the first after-the-Christmas-vacation evening spent by Maryknoll's junior seminarists at Mountain View, California, reveals shining, smiling faces gathered round the old piano listening to the eternal tune of chopsticks; hands awning yawning mouths; happy, weary queries—youth's affability: "Hello, Jim! Nice vacation?" and, "Thought you were coming over New Year's Day!" and, "You bet I did! Went with Dad. Was it a thrilling game!" And in the buzz of contented greetings one dominant thought, more keenly felt because unspoken, "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

It is only a matter of a day or two, however, until thoughts of vacation hie themselves behind the faded arras of pleasant memories. There is a task to be done. The present must be lived, well spent; the future prepared for, looked forward to. Caesar's wars must be fought again, Cicero's flaming eloquence burnished, difficulties of algebra and geometry solved—preparations for days and years of fighting, pleading, building for Christ.



—while a group of premature diplomats discuss the fate of Europe.

KNOLL

NOTES

Venard

The recreation period at The Venard is not that period of the day expressly specified for outdoor sports; on the contrary, it is one of those delightful intervals which, for want of a better name, are called "free" hours. In such hours each student pursues the course of activity—or passivity—to which his natural bent impels him.

At first glance everyone seems to be preparing to go out into the fierce February wind of the Abington Hills. The air is invigorating, and the enthusiasm of fresh-air athletes is infectious. The hills to the west are covered with skiers, the pond dotted with skaters, while the shouts of hikers may be heard in the valley to the east, and the clamor of a challenging harangue to snowball warfare in the south. Amidst it all, the trees, glistening with ice, and the wind, sighing in every cranny, impress us with the fact that it's a bitter cold day.

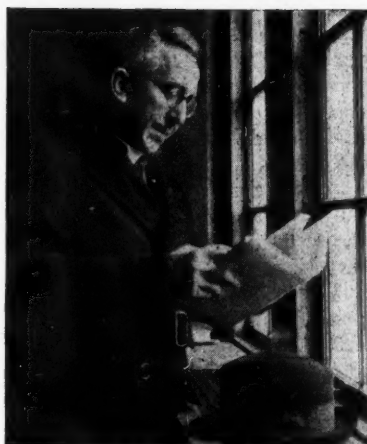
So we return, then, to the warmth of the building. Near the door of the recreation room a few sit reading, while nearby two premature diplomats vociferously settle the future of Europe. At a table in the center of the room five men murmur over the intricacies of Chinese checkers, as two taciturn individuals brood over a chess board. Here one could remain for hours, charmed by the conversation of fellow students, soothed by the comforting fragrance of the weed, enthralled by the tale some classical author has told and still tells to all who wish to revel in the joys of the printed word.

An annoying matter of correspondence, already too long neglected, breaks in on the peaceful frame of mind and conscience; and so, after a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, endeth the blissful hours of free time.

—F.M.C.

A STUDENT at the Maryknoll College has his choice of some fifty-five hundred neatly shelved volumes in The Venard library. A hasty survey gives one a pretty good idea of what's in stock. Philosophy shelves are almost filled, nor does psychology lag behind; Scripture boasts, besides a rapidly growing supply of commentaries and translations, sets of Cornelius a Lapide and Migne. Patrology has its ante-Nicene and post-Nicene collections, but modern hagiology is in a bad way; it could swell to ten times its present size and still be subnormal. The Church history section, featuring the *Jesuit Relations*, is spotty. Economics and the social and physical sciences all lack the spark of up-to-date information. Languages fare not so badly, blushing chiefly for a dearth of German grammars. Literature, our special pride, dating up to 1900 is complete enough; it has little, however, of the 1900-1930 era. The reference section is adequate, but history is needful of the greater minds in the field. The arts—music, painting, drama—claim little for themselves; books on Gregorian Chant can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Geography and travel collections were new a generation ago.

An inventory draws the comment, "Excellent!" while suggesting at the same time that the library could be more complete. Books of all kinds could be added profitably, and especially those so sorely missed in modern hagiology, Church history, the social and political sciences, literature of the last decades, the greater works of history, the arts—all of them—and, outstandingly, Gregorian Chant. So far, over ninety per cent of the books have come from private collections. Because none of the Society's direly



Reverend H. Boniface Mandelartz

Maryknoll welcomes to her ranks another priest-aspirant who has been released by his bishop, Most Reverend Francis C. Kelly, of Oklahoma, to join our community. Father Mandelartz, who perfected the growth of the "St. Joseph sixty-two-day corn," is also a notable linguist. He has been assigned to the faculty of Maryknoll College.

needed mission funds can be directed toward The Venard library, we feel that the Good Lord will make it possible for friends of Maryknoll to come through with the books we need.

—J.C.S.

Two Anniversaries

MARYKNOLL recalls this month the anniversaries of two of her priestly sons who are listed in the ranks of Maryknollers who have finished the course—Father Gerard Donovan and Father Francis J. Connors. Our readers may recall that three years ago, on the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, the mangled, garroted body of Father Donovan was found where bandits had left it in the Manchurian hills. The young missionary had been kidnaped in October, but no news came of him until that of his death.

A year ago Father Connors was preparing to return to his beloved lepers in South China, when death followed a minor operation.

The bodies of both young priests lie in the Maryknoll cemetery close to the graves of our two cofounders. During Lent breathe a little prayer for them to God.



The Seminary tower above a cotton-batting snow scene

MARYKNOLL THE FIELD AFAR

Published by Ecclesiastical Authority
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly
(except August).

Owned by the
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



SAINST PAUL could appeal to his converts on the basis of a condition that he knew would find rich confirmation in the echoes of their hearts. "If there be any consolation in Christ," he wrote to them, "if any comfort of charity, if any bond of the spirit, if any depths of mercy" (Phil. II, 1). It is a vivid condition, certain of fulfillment, even already fulfilled, as one grand chorus of the saints and sinners of that and every succeeding age would overwhelmingly testify. It is another reason to pass along to others the precious Faith that makes it all possible. Consolation, comfort, charity, mercy—these are heaven's best gifts, and how much we have known them all let each one's grateful heart tell. They are also the gifts that all men need, no matter of what race or condition or clime, and we can give them all by giving Christ.

THE patron of the Catholic press is a saint who was noted, above all things, for the exquisite kindness and unfailing urbanity of everything he wrote. Other saints have written with more brilliance, penetration, volume, finality, but none with more charity. It was he who remarked that more flies are attracted by a drop of honey than by a barrel of vinegar;

and, faithfully adhering to this principle, he preferred to clip his own wings at his own expense rather than to air his powers at his brother's expense, to help his brother rather than to confound him. He knew that all the argumentation in the world piled up to the sky could never equal the simple cogency of charity, which is the one unmistakable cachet of the divine.

We are blessed with a Catholic press that is both extensive and vigorous, but there is always room for improvement, and perhaps it could come in closer adherence to the policy of its chosen exemplar and model. The Holy See has made Saint Francis de Sales the patron of the press, because it wants to see that splendid apostolate permeated by the glow of his fraternal charity and steeped in the spirit of his gentle charm. It is another insistence on the missionary aim that should characterize every activity performed in the name of the Church.

THE Fathers of the early Church understood the universality of its mission from the beginning, and the pages of their writings are bright with insistence upon that point of view. They never doubted that the redemption of Christ would be extended to all men. "He called Himself the true Vine," said Saint Ambrose, "because He was capable of being increased by the growth of age, and of being decreased by the pruning of His Passion, and in such a way indeed as to grow up into the mighty tree of the Cross, under the all-embracing spread of whose saving arms the whole human race might be shaded from the noxious heats of the world." (ON FAITH, Bk. 4, 169).

The emphasis of the early Fathers was always sure and true, and it is characteristic of their strong and se-

rene faith to take for granted the eventual spread of the Faith. They saw the Church only in its problematic infancy, but they knew its triumphal destiny. If its loyal adherents could cherish this optimistic conception during the throes of its early struggle, we should be able to maintain the same unshaken confidence in the period of its modern advance.

THERE are many messages from the skies, and the knowing soul learns to discern and interpret them with devout attention and surprised delight. We find them in the glory of the sunset, in the tracery of a snowflake, in the courage of a man, in the smile of a child; and indeed in a thousand other emanations of both human and inanimate nature. They are all eloquent of another and a better world, and we note the telltale imprint of the divine with humble admiration, grateful to find our sorry place of exile still so like a garden, our path to heaven so strewn with memories of our Father's home.

Yet these are only hints of heaven, and he who runs will often fail to read. The way could still be long, the prospect dreary; there was room for other and still more striking means. So presently God opened a window wide on paradise, abruptly disclosing its full beauty in a startling revelation of the loveliest and most perfect vision the shining realm contained. He gave His mother the commission to return, and she responded. Straightway the snowy dove and fairest flower, not tired of glory but bent on visiting her children, with wells of mercy in her heart and spreading heaven all about her, parted the clouds and stooped to earth at Lourdes. Dreams paled and images faded before this radiant reality. Peace settled like a fragrance, and shadows fled away.

There are many messages from the skies, but ever since her own first fiat brought us Emmanuel there was never a message like this. And she gave us the message in order to energize us all to win souls for her Son.

**The Holy Father's Mission
Intention for February, 1940:**
For the nations which do not acknowledge Christ the Redeemer.

Chicago—Milwaukee

BISHOP JAMES ANTHONY WALSH, Maryknoll's cofounder and late Superior General, counted much on the advice and encouragement of friends among the clergy and hierarchy. One whose youth and graciousness meant a great deal to him was a zealous priest in Tennessee, who later became Bishop of Toledo and then Archbishop of Milwaukee.

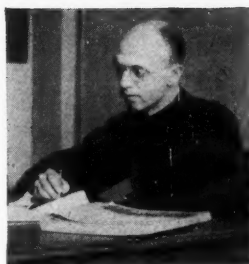
We are particularly happy to find that His Excellency, Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch, has been chosen for the see of Chicago. Now his zeal may speak from the heights.

Elevated to succeed him in Milwaukee is His Excellency, Archbishop Moses K. Kiley. In Chicago, in Rome, in Trenton, he has revealed himself always as a special advocate of the Church's world role of charity. Many Maryknollers know from experience his devotion to the apostolate.

Thus two more outstanding leaders assume important posts in the American hierarchy. Today they serve not America alone; their activities will be felt around the world. More than ever before, the Church throughout the earth appears to outsiders to be—and in point of fact is—a single whole. The destiny of many souls in the depths of Asia and Africa hangs upon the deeds of those who guide the Church in America.

An International Faith

WHILE non-Catholics have incalculably facilitated the leavening of Japanese civilization in every phase, unfortunately they have, by the multiplicity of their creeds, set back the clock of Japan's conversion to Christianity. This is not meant at all as a criticism of our separated brethren, who are all men and women of deep spirituality, as prone to spend and be spent in the cause of Christ as we. It is rather a regrettable fact that we must recognize in simple honesty: the average seeker after truth is positively



Brother Simeon Forward

DEATH came to the Maryknoll College one Sunday morning, shortly before Christmas, and took from the ranks of the Maryknoll Brothers a young man, Brother Simeon. Brother had been serving the priests' breakfast and was about to leave the refectory when he was seized with a heart attack and died shortly after.

Born at Havre, France, June 15, 1906, John Michael Forward was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Forward, of 1634 Sterling Place, Brooklyn. Before entering Maryknoll in October, 1935, he had been employed in clerical work in New York City. Following his novitiate he was assigned to the College, where he served until his death. Brother Simeon's body was brought to Maryknoll for solemn services and burial.

We ask the prayers of our readers for the soul of this young man, who filled so well the short time given him by God.

bewildered by the disunited front which Christianity presents.

Another difficulty in the Christianization of Japan is one created by both Catholics and non-Catholics alike. In Japanese eyes the accidentals of the Faith are so many mere importations. Native music and poetry, architecture and art, and, more than anything else, the immemorial festivals of everyday life, have had practically no place in the Church. The emphasis here is not primarily on architecture, for example. The Gothic church, after all,

is a Christian conception; whereas the idiosyncrasies of a missionary, or practices of piety peculiar to his homeland, are personal and often alien to Japanese ideas and needs. Catholics and non-Catholics have been remiss in adapting the accidentals of religion to the emotional character of a people just about sated with westernisms.

Fortunately, there has been an awakening, and there is presently a movement looking toward the acclimatization of the Faith, which promises to obviate a ridiculous yet often enough effective hindrance to conversion in these "back to national heritage" days. While it is of the utmost importance that Christianity should dig itself into the thought-life of the people, it is always necessary that safeguards be maintained against a dangerous tendency to compromise. Christianity is a supra-national religion, and is no more to be identified with a mere cult in nationalistic Japan than with a batch of accretions in the Occident.

On the part of the Japanese themselves, there are numerous impediments. First of all, there is, of course, a profound attachment to the old religions. This popular allegiance, and not a little moral and material support from government sources, account for the flourishing condition of the native religions today. In particular, Buddhism, to which Japanese owe their first real experience of religious sentiment, has penetrated the masses so thoroughly that there is scarcely a home without its altar. When this is considered in the light of the family system as it exists in the Orient, the progress of the gospel up to now is amazing. Modern civilization, however, with its emphasis on personal liberty, and the new industrial regime, as well, have partially dislocated the time-honored family system, and in many cases the missionary now can attempt the conversion of an individual without being obliged to undertake simultaneously that of two or three generations of his kin. But the fact remains that, for the average Nipponese, religion, like marriage, is still largely a family affair.

—E.F.B.



*The Holy Sacrifice
with Communion be-
gins the orphans'
day.*

A DAY WITH FUSHN?



*Each boy is his
own laundryman.*



*The know
the never
thouck i*

H H'S ORPHANS



The rice bowl comes out twice each day.



*Two little orphans
become friends.*



"Through my fault" at night prayers is a serious affair.



And so to bed!

*The boy knows
the seven
thousand is*

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

Valentine From Rome



The chapel in 1913

In typical Maryknoll style the thirty-five pioneer Maryknoll Sisters, in 1920, received the news that the Holy See had authorized their canonical foundation as a religious community. It was early afternoon of a blustery February day just twenty years ago. Summoned suddenly from the laundry, from the Seminary kitchen, from THE FIELD AFAR offices, they scurried across the compound to the convent. The announcement was made by the Sister on switchboard duty. Breathlessly she told how the Chancellor of the archdiocese—then Monsignor, later Bishop, John J. Dunn—had called for Maryknoll's Father General, who was somewhere on the compound but could not be located. Then he asked for their Sister Superior, Mother Mary Joseph, only to learn that she was in the hospital. The Chancellor then asked that the Sisters be assembled at once and informed that Archbishop Hayes had received the necessary faculties from the Holy See and that soon they would have full canonical status as a religious community.

Genuine American cheers greeted the Sister operator's maiden speech, but heartfelt prayers of thanksgiving followed immediately. Then—since there was no superior at hand to declare a holiday—everyone went back to work, each to her mangle or steam table or typewriter.

As they went, joy that called for tears as well as smiles took hold of this small band of women, who had left home—some as many as eight years before—to devote themselves to the mission cause. They had come, for the most part, against the wishes and advice of their families and often even of priest friends who, in prudence, counseled against joining a group of mere aspirants to the religious life, with only diocesan approbation and as yet no canonical status. Those who came during those eight years of waiting displayed a courage beyond that ordinarily required for entrance to the religious life. They walked on air, after that announcement of Rome's approval, and dreamed great dreams.

The official decree erecting a new religious institute under the title of the "Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic" was issued by Cardinal Hayes on February 14,

1920. Treasured in the archives, this formal document—though devoid of lace or tinsel decoration—will always be regarded as the community's "Valentine from Rome." Since then, February fourteenth, their canonical foundation day, is observed in every Maryknoll convent as a day of thanksgiving and of reminiscence.

Their actual foundation day was Epiphany, 1912, when the first three candidates arrived. These three young women had offered their services to the founders shortly after Pope Pius X had approved the formation of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. From the beginning they lived in community, with the approbation of Cardinal Farley, receiving after a short interval the privilege of having the Blessed Sacrament reserved in their chapel.

At first the members of the little community wore ordinary dress and were known as "Secretaries." They not only did typing, mimeograph, and addressograph work



Alfresco canning in the early days



The chapel today

for THE FIELD AFAR, but they also cooked and baked and pickled and preserved and did the laundry for the Maryknoll priests and students. Later the "Secretaries" adopted a simple uniform of gray chambray, with white collars and cuffs, which was approved by Cardinal Farley. From this was gradually evolved their present-day habit, worn in all but tropical countries, where they wear white.

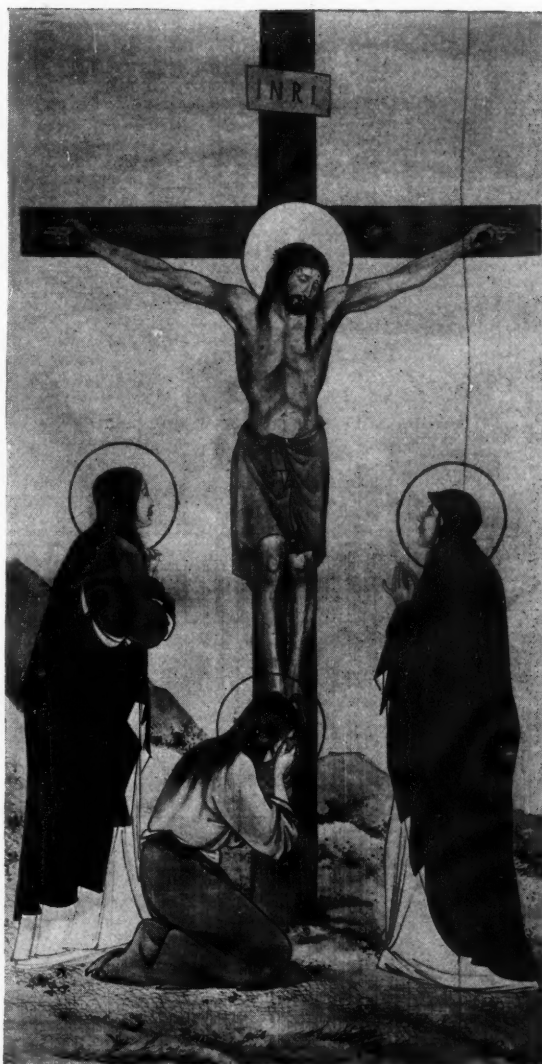
Maryknoll's first temporary home was at Hawthorne, New York, where the "Secretaries" occupied a six-room, stove-heated, lamp-lighted, cottage, to which water had to be carried up a steep hill from an old well. When insects and frogs and a snake or two were discovered in the well, they took to carrying their water from another well much farther away, until Mother Alphonsa Lathrop, of Rosary Hill Cancer Home, arranged for a tub of clear, spring water to be brought to them daily.

Nine months later came the removal from Hawthorne to "St. Teresa's," on Pines Bridge Road in Ossining, New York, one of the several thousand colonial houses in which George Washington is reputed to have slept. In the first eight years their number grew to thirty-five. All their dreams, when their "Valentine" came from Rome, did not equal what God had in store for their community. Even Mother Mary Joseph did not envision the chain of forty-eight convents that today reaches halfway round the world, housing more than five hundred professed Maryknoll Sisters.

Meantime, balancing the budget has never been an easy task. According to canon law it has always been necessary for the Sisters to be separate and distinct from the Maryknoll Fathers, both administratively and financially. Remuneration has always been received from the Fathers' Society for groups of Sisters in their missions, and for those here at home engaged in either the domestic work of Maryknoll Seminary and College or clerical work at THE FIELD AFAR office. Nevertheless, the Sisters must raise independently a large portion of the funds needed for their work. The training of Sisters for the missions, for example, their transportation to far-eastern ports, the care of the sick, all these and many other expenses must be borne by the Sisters themselves.

Though the two Maryknoll societies are so closely united in origin and in spirit they have separate financial obligations. During the past ten years, despite the continued economic depression, the Sisters' personnel—including novices and postulants—has increased from three hundred fifty to nearly six hundred. Since God has blessed the community with these vocations and has opened up ever-increasing opportunities for service—especially in the war-ridden Orient—the Sisters are confident that, in His providence, God will inspire many more American Catholics to give to this American Sisterhood the support of their gifts and their prayers.

God has helped us to lay a strong foundation during the past twenty years, and, gratefully, we look to His ever-mindful Providence for the future.



HE GAVE ALL!

Betrayed, scourged, crowned with thorns, laden with the cross of a criminal, nailed to the wood, drained of His last drop of Blood!

For souls! For *all* souls! For the millions who after two thousand years still do not know Him!

He gave all!

AND I?

This Lent I can give up something I like and save the money to sponsor a missionary to work for souls.

Address Mother Mary Joseph, Maryknoll Sisters' Motherhouse, Maryknoll P.O., New York



The young man had a basket of shell fish.

The Age of Persecution

The names of people and places in this factual account are changed to avoid embarrassing others.

organization of the Church, the Pope in Rome, and the Apostolic Delegate, but to no effect.

Another day a Catholic, one of our converts still under instruction, was coming back into town with a load of kindling wood. The policeman met him and asked him what he was doing. The catechumen gave a good account of himself, but John Law declared, "You're feeding the bandits!" He then had him dragged in and given a beating—thirty strokes. After the beating he said to him, "If you weren't a Catholic, I wouldn't do this to you."

Not long ago there was a general meeting of the town for something or other. Among other things, the constable told the assembly not to join the Catholic Church; he wouldn't allow it; if they did, he'd fix them.

A little later a Catholic was coming into town with a basket of shell fish. The cop at the gate took

them away from him. The Catholic said he would have brought him some if he had only mentioned it, but he was told: "We don't want the fish. It's because you're a Catholic." He was beaten up so badly that he couldn't move for eight days. His side is still bruised.

Last Saturday word came in that there were bandits nearby. The chief of police ordered out the reserves, but after they scoured the hills nothing happened and no bandit was sighted, so the soldiers returned. Among the constables there is Sung Tan, a catechumen, and perhaps the most zealous of our convert class in the village. He

ONE of our Christians came in from Sing T'ai last night with news that has made everyone anxious. The head Chinese policeman in that village has never been friendly towards the Church; this story will show that he has been just the opposite.

This arm of the law walked into one of the stores at Sing T'ai and saw the owner reading a Catholic book. He bullied him and told him not to read it—said that he was going to have all the Catholics put out of town—said they were spies and helpers of the American Government. The fellow corrected him, explained about the

used to be a rowdy in his ways, that is, he was none too gentle in wielding the arm of the law, but since getting in touch with the Church, he has changed greatly, mellowed so to speak. He comes faithfully for morning and night prayers daily, and spends his spare time reading the Bible and the lives of the saints.

Anyway, when the soldiers came back to town and brought no word of bandits, our cantankerous caliph said it was because Sung Tan was a Catholic. That was the only reason. Then he lined up all the police and ordered them to bow to the flag. That was done. Then he ordered them to kowtow to the image of the Red Fox. They all obeyed except Sung Tan. The chief roared at him, but Sung answered that they were not obliged to do any such thing: first of all, because it wasn't mentioned in police and military rules, and secondly, because it was ridiculous to make an obeisance to a brainless fox, a mere animal without intelligence. The chief struck Sung and locked him up.

Later he told the catechumen that he would let him go if he would bow to a pagan statue and give up the idea of being a Catholic. Sung answered, "You can cut off my head if you like, but I won't do that." Meanwhile he is there locked up. He told the other catechumens that he is happy to be doing penance and to

suffer for Our Lord. He has read the lives of some of the martyrs.

It is questionable whether or not the chief has courage enough to make a formal charge of treason against Sung, but meanwhile he is still terrorizing Catholics just as he pleases.

This affair took place last Saturday. On Sunday the mission was crowded. Every catechumen in town showed up, their idea being to let the chief know that with all his persecutions they were not the least bit afraid of him. Twenty are coming in for baptism on the Feast.

Sung had planned to come, but it is more possible that he will undergo a baptism of fire, now, if not of blood.

By Armchair To God

(Continued from page 11)

came down from the altar, bearing the Healer of souls and bodies.

That was surely the first time the armchair had been to Mass—certainly a shocking record for a piece of clerical furniture. Nor has there been a second time. But somehow now, despite the new film of dust which covers its faded upholstery, it seems to me that the armchair has taken on a smug, conceited look—if armchairs can be said to express their moods. And, surely, it can hardly be blamed, considering that once it was an instrument of grace and helped a soul to God.

Amazing Discovery

Precious Fragment of Kyoto "Gazette," 1551

FATHER NEMO, most assiduous of all the Maryknoll Fathers in Japan, while cleaning out an old attic grammar last Friday, came upon a well-preserved fragment of the Kyōto "Gazette" of January 23, 1551.

One item in particular caught his eye, by reason of being in an obscure corner. It ran as follows, under the caption—

Foreign Beggar Decamps

KYOTO, Jan. 23.—Visitors to the Imperial Palace today were relieved to note the absence of the ragged barbarian of such amazing altitude, said to be a Portuguese, who has been making himself a public nuisance during the past eleven days by his attempts to gain entrance to the Palace.

The affair was not without its humorous side, however, for every time the ragged tramp, barefoot in the snow, besought admission, the captain of the guards, a droll fellow, would dryly inquire, "And where are your presents?"—to the great delight of the innocent bystanders.

It was likewise amusing to note that the world's champion beggar had two retainers, no less; and no less ragged than himself. One of these was likewise Portuguese, the other a citizen of our own land who had apparently fallen for the queer god that the Portuguese call "Deos."

Soap-box Orator

Between attempts to crash the Palace gates, the bean-pole beggar would take a turn at street preaching, to the huge delight of wayfarers. Some wit promptly made their "Deos" into "Dai Uso" (Big Lies), and this apt turn made fully as much of a hit with the crowds as their own applause in stones did with the stump speakers.

This account of St. Francis Xavier's only visit to Kyoto is historically true.—Editor



Coming into town with a load of kindling wood

Among Our Friends—



©Metee

**Most Reverend
Michael J. Cur-
ley, D.D., Arch-
bishop of Balti-
more**

MARYKNOLL joins with the many friends of Baltimore's archbishop, Most Reverend Michael J. Curley, D.D., in congratulations on his silver jubilee. His Excellency has told, on occasion, that he owes his vocation, under God, to the missionary and martyr, Pierre Chanel, whose life he read many years ago and has since often reread.

In spite of the many needs of his own great archdiocese, Archbishop Curley has welcomed Maryknollers to Baltimore in an effort to make our work known to the people of that territory, and the Maryland see has already furnished many vocations to the ranks of our priests, Brothers, and Sisters. May Baltimore continue to be blessed "unto many years" with her zealous shepherd!

SCHOOL SPONSORSHIP

We are continually surprised and gratified in turn by the contributions which come regularly from schools which sponsor a missionary for several days a month. Outstanding among such school groups are pupils in several different grades of Sacred Heart Academy, Clifton, Cincinnati. These children are assuming the responsibility of offering from eight to ten days' support each month. In our gratitude we pray that the sacrifices thus entailed may bring untold graces to the students and to their teachers, who have encouraged them in their thoughtfulness.

Another group of students finds that in this age of streamlining even mission aid can be streamlined. St. Joseph's College, the preparatory seminary of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, has hit upon some novel ideas.

Of course you have heard of California sunshine. The Mission Committee of St. Joseph's noticed it, too, and now capitalizes on it by operating a refreshment stand on the



The Mission-Aide center at St. Joseph's

campus. After the daily recreation period, when baseball, handball, tennis, and soccer are played under the hot sun by some two hundred students, sales are especially good—with all the profits going to the missions.

SACRIFICE OFFERINGS

Lenten sacrifices have, in the past, been shared with us in furthering the work of the missions, and we believe this same spirit will, undoubtedly, prompt our many friends to think of their missionaries, who are sacrificing so much for the redemption of souls. We have told you often that we are grateful, but we like to repeat this assurance from time to time. You, our friends, are the backbone of the missions.

Without your spiritual and material assistance, your missionaries would be unable to remain at their appointed tasks. Each missionary realizes this; and in every success, in every venture, his grateful thoughts go out to you who have helped, under God, to make these possible.

We have often marveled at the sacrifices our friends make to have a share in the apostolate. The work of God has never been supported by the affluent; the greater number of contributions comes from those who must make a sacrifice. But it is because of that sacrifice that their gift has greater merit in accomplishing the salvation of souls. May God, who sacrificed Himself out of love for the souls of men, reward our benefactors with the merits of that sacrifice!

Here are a few letters, the spirit of which spells success in the work for souls:

"We have lost our home and have been evicted, but my two little boys have been earning some money shining shoes and peddling papers. From their earnings we decided to set apart a little commission—so to speak—to support a missionary, and we have collected the enclosed (two dollars) in that way."

—New York

"I have been ill and out of work for some time, and things have been difficult for me. I have to work to pay



*Sacred Heart Academy,
Clifton, Cincinnati*

THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers,

Dy chance, a friend gave me a copy of your magazine, and I wonder if I may become a sponsor. I should like to send one dollar a month, and have five cards for friends who, I feel, will be glad to do likewise.

I am a Lutheran, but I know that it is our dear Savior's wish that we, as Christians, help one another. We can do this only by a great and unselfish love for one another. I am poor in worldly goods, but rich in God's blessings and graces.

When I read of the sad conditions under which your missionaries are working in China, I wonder why we, who are so blessed here in America, should hesitate one minute to help our neighbors. What greater good could we do than be instrumental in bringing our Savior to these unfortunate people?

May your Society have great and continued success, and may many others feel it their duty to help, too.

—M.B.W., Missouri

my board and that of my two children, and I am not very strong or very young. However, I am only too glad to be able to help our brave missionaries, and I have put by a few pennies every day. They amount to only a dollar, but they go with all my heart."
—Massachusetts

"I have had to support the entire family, and have the added cross of poor health, but the thought of those weary missionaries laboring under such difficulties makes me feel that I have shirked many opportunities for missionary activity. I am ashamed my offering is so small."
—California

"I regret that the enclosed offering is not much larger, but it has required a real sacrifice to do this much. My wife has been ill, and much money went for medicine and doctor's bills. However, we both felt we should make this little sacrifice to help our young priests in their labor for souls. God bless each one of them!"
—New York

"We have learned, through your magazine, how our own crosses can become crowns; and, while it means adding to our cross to send you this little offering for your missionaries, we are confident that it adds to the crown of happiness we hope for from our Lord."
—Pennsylvania

"I received a raise in salary last month, and I believe it is all due to the prayers of the missionary that I have been trying to sponsor. To prove my gratitude I shall increase my sponsor offering to five dollars a month."
—Colorado



PRIEST'S HOUSE

There is nothing elaborate about this rectory in Manchukuo with its paper windows and inside-out smoke stacks. Our occasional appeals for the building of rectories in our various missions seem to go unheeded. That a house for the missionary is a prime necessity all admit, but this necessity has no pull, we are told. Well, if the poor priest does not have adequate housing quarters, he will soon have no push. See the Want Ads at the right of this column for rectory needs.

Maryknoll Want Ads

Help Wanted

\$250 a year is needed to support a dispensary in the Kongmoon Vicariate—and that vicariate has twenty dispensaries.

A church and rectory are badly needed at Kweilin City. \$1,000 will help considerably.

Korea's Heijo mission needs \$6,000 for the new (second) parish erected in the vicariate city.

Tutors and Private Instruction Wanted

Students in Kweilin require \$100 a year for their support.

A hostel for students in the Kaying Vicariate requires \$2,500 for completion.

We don't like to repeat, but a school and novitiate for Native Sisters in Korea can not be built for less than \$20,000.

Buildings

\$500 will supply a chapel at Shan Cheng Tsen in the Fushun Prefecture.

The same amount (\$500) will make possible a dispensary at the new mission of Szewong.

A rectory erected for \$3,000? Yes—it is a small amount for such a building, but the Kyoto (Japan) Mission is still looking for the rectory.

Opportunities

An opportunity to share in all Masses of Fushun Prefecture: \$500 will supply Mass candles for a year.

A like amount (\$500) will build a much-needed chapel at Sun Chong, Kongmoon.

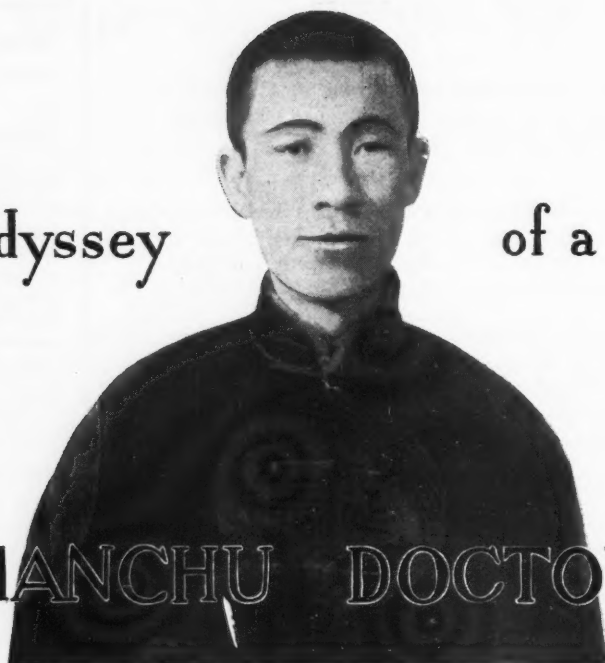
A larger chapel for Wuchow's Yunghui mission can be built for \$1,000.

A church in Otsu, Kyoto Prefecture, is very much needed. It can be built for \$4,000.

Odyssey

of a

MANCHU DOCTOR



Doctor Lin Shu Ch'ing, of T'ung Hua, Manchukuo, traveled far in quest of the Truth.

AS a boy I lived in Feng Huang Ch'eng. Though not of a great scholarly family, my forbears for generations had been educated men. My grandfather was a mandarin, and for most of his life he was Director of Education for the province. My father was a doctor; his patients if able to, paid; if poor, they received his services free.

After reaching the age of reason I was taught to read and write by my father, and he taught me medicine, too. When nine years old I went to school and studied until I was sixteen. The following year I studied business methods, and at twenty I opened a medicine shop.

Becoming a total abstainer, I studied ethics. I also pondered over these questions: Where did I come from? Whither bound? Why here? What mysteries does death hold? I despised worldly goods, condemned and rejected earthly wealth. When thirty-three years old I became a monk, was admitted to a monastery, and there

meditated. Put whole heart and soul into monastery duties; cast away all distractions.

When thirty-eight years old, I had read many doctrine books. Then followed Taoism; I begged to be regenerated into spirit world. In autumn of the same year, went to a cave in the Wu-Nu Mountain, near Huai Jen. Fasted seven days and nights. In retreat, besought the genii. Friends came, exhorted me to come out. I refused to withdraw; did not break resolve. By all means I would understand teaching of master; my spirit would pursue the world of spirits.

Afterwards, for very grave reasons, I gave up being monk and returned to the world. When forty-one years old, opened a medicine shop and again practiced as doctor. Ten years later, that is, in the first year of *Ta Tung* (1932), my friend Yu Ch'eng Chai, a teacher of religion at the Catholic church, talked with me time after time about his religion, explained Lord of Heaven's wonders. Teacher Yu

told me all; but although his explanations were very, very good, I did not want to hear, I would not let the teaching into my heart. I was hard, firm, difficult to change.

Later other teachers came and invited me to the church to look and see. I went. It was Sunday. I saw Father celebrate Mass. The ceremonies were extraordinarily beautiful. In the afternoon I saw Father give Benediction. Felt myself moved a little. Though moved, still in my heart remained unyielding and firm, always hard to convert.

At that time my only son, Kuo Ch'iang, was very sick, racked with pain, dying. Medicine had no effect. Friends told me to have Father come, baptize him. He came; in baptizing he called my boy "Paul." Ten days after receiving Baptism the child died. As death drew near I talked with Paul. To all I said, to all my questions, he answered by bowing his head. I said, "When with God, intercede for me, that God may give

me strength to my heart, to have me confess Him." At the end, when I finished, little Paul smiled—and died.

I knelt by his little coffin and prayed. All the teachers came from the parish church to pray and console. The funeral was the next day. I opened the coffin and looked: little Paul was in death the same as in life—his face was all a smile.

After that, the Father and the teachers came often to my home, urged me to enter Church. When I saw the Father preaching, so firm, so sincere—when I thought of the miracle of little Paul's death—all these things moved me strongly, deeply, strengthened my heart to enter the Church, to renounce superstition. With all my heart I gave myself to God. Day and night I studied the doctrine. The next year my whole family was baptized.

In my heart, felt that, although deprived of son and heir, nevertheless my soul would attain salvation, and so my heart was strengthened. In the first year of *K'ang Te* (1934) I received Confirmation, became brave soldier of Christ. Besides praying, I exhorted friends and neighbors to enter the Church.

Never dreamed of the blessing that God was to send us in the fourth year of *K'ang Te* (1937). On the eighteenth day, of the second month, a little son, a messenger of joy, came from heaven. Mother and father have a total of one hundred years. In my heart, felt that God had performed a miracle in granting us this immense favor. This little boy has a happy disposition, is alert and bright, much more so than ordinary child. He was baptized and called "Francis of Assisi." Now he is almost three years old. Every day he goes to church to pray. At home by himself he has a little ceremony, imitating the priest praying and blessing at Mass. For all this, his mother and father never cease thanking God, who bestowed this tremendous kindness; are grateful also to Blessed Mother for virtue and

THE Christian . . . is always an apostle; it is not permitted to the soldier of Christ that he quit the battlefield, because only death puts an end to his military service.

—Pope Pius XII

protection. Hence, we never dare fail in religious duties.

Things You Never Knew

(Continued from page 11)

stranger, the tea ceremony is highly important. If the host hands you the tea himself, it is a sign of familiarity or esteem. Until such a stage of intimacy has been reached, a servant will provide your tea. You should lay it aside and continue your conversation. When your official business is over, or when you are prepared to break off the visit, you will invite your host to "drink tea," which indicates the immediate departure of the visitor. Should the host finger his teacup, it is a sign that you should take the hint, drink your tea, and begone. If you are obtuse, he may invite you to "drink tea"—a polite way of saying, "Get out!" However, in the case of familiar visits and the tea ceremony, prior to a dinner or banquet, such rules do not hold. Each drinks tea according to his mood.

In official visits, when the interview is held in the public office or conference room, formal etiquette is the order of day. But should the official invite you into his private quarters, all formality may be laid aside: you may drink tea to your heart's content and even remove your shirt if it is too warm!

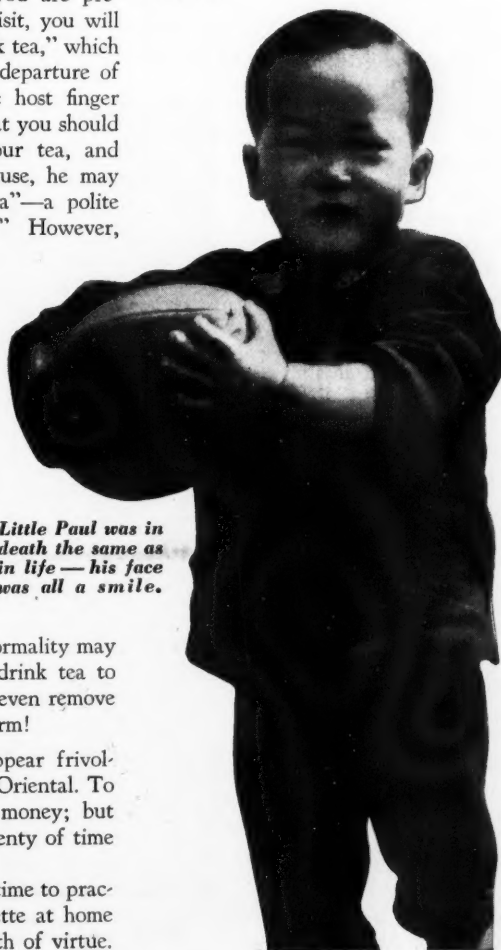
Such etiquette may appear frivolous to us, but not to the Oriental. To the Occidental, time is money; but in China everyone has plenty of time and no money.

Spending a little more time to practice the niceties of etiquette at home borders closely on the path of virtue.

(Continued from page 7)

by that day, so that near the ashes of the Apostles you may receive the plenitude of the priesthood and be adorned with the sacred vestments, and, as it were, receive the staff from Blessed Peter, using it in your apostolic journeys to gather your flock and to preach to them the gospel—going as a good shepherd, inflamed with apostolic zeal, to the people committed to your care. We express the firm hope and confidence that, with God's Hand assisting, you may govern the flock committed to you with pastoral zeal and fruitful energy so that the Vicariate of Heijo may grow spiritually and temporally and that the true religion of Christ may more and more flourish there.

Given at St. Peter's in Rome, the year of Our Lord 1939, the 11th day of July and the first year of Our Pontificate.



Little Paul was in death the same as in life—his face was all a smile.

In Journeyings Often

THE Village of the Well" presented a picturesque scene as it rose up before us—a little group of Chinese houses situated on a rocky elevation high above the river. On all sides were rice fields, and everywhere women were plowing the fields. Such was the scene that met our eyes, as we stood looking around us at the entrance to the little village.

But someone had spied us. "The Sisters are here! The Sisters are here!" arose the cry from field, kitchen, and garden patches. Seemingly from nowhere appeared a little group of Catholic women to welcome us—some spattered with mud from the flooded rice paddies, others with babies strapped to their backs and children clinging to their skirts. For an hour or so, the women paused in their work to come and greet us, and to sit and chat awhile, and then to return to complete their tasks before the darkness set in. It was an opportunity to wander around and visit the neighborhood, with its little groups of houses scattered here and there amid the rice fields.

At a little village still farther up the mountain-side we found a Catholic family in desperate straits, as four people in the household were ill. A tired-faced woman met us at the door with a sick baby in her arms. Her eyes filled with tears as she led us into a room where, on the hard wood of a Chinese bed, lay a little boy of ten, moaning with pain and burning with fever. Across the "heavenly well" in another room lay her eldest son, who had returned only that day from Kaying City with a severe cold and exhausted from overwork in a crowded, airless shop. Others of the family were

A continuation of Sister Rosalia's mission journey, the former account of which appeared in our January issue.

ill with malaria, and somehow the poor mother had to carry on with the heavy field work and the care of the sick. We did our best to comfort her, holding the sick baby as she started the fire for the evening meal. We spoke to her of God's loving providence and of His Mother Mary, who once was like her, a mother, suffering a mother's sorrows and burdened with a mother's cares. It was with joy that we noticed some of the weariness had disappeared from the tired face of the woman, and that there was added zest as she prepared the food for the evening meal.



Many are the dying babies that old Losat has made heirs of heaven.

Supper awaited us at the lower village—rice, vegetables, and meat, served Chinese style in bowls and eaten with chopsticks. The meal was a homey one, shared with the little family who had taken it upon themselves to provide for us during our visit. And then came the call to night prayers, in a tidy room which served as an oratory. The altar, where Mass is said when a priest makes a visitation of this section, was covered with a bright blue cloth; and the glow of candles lighted up the crucifix, hanging on the wall, and the statues of Our Lady and Saint Joseph, on the altar. Every evening the Catholic members of the clan gather to chant their night prayers together. It was a stirring little scene, this group of twenty or more kneeling, after their day's hard labor in the fields, to ask

God's blessing on their home life. The youngsters lisped the prayers with their mothers, and tiny babes were lulled to sleep by the chanting. We had brought large colored pictures, in chart form, portraying the life of Christ. Here, with an eager audience seated on the floor, we showed them, explaining each picture in the simple language of the people.

It was late according to village reckoning when we went to bed, because everybody wanted to talk and visit with us. But somehow we found ourselves in bed, and soon a new day began which was to take us to "The Village of the Silk Dress." Who wore the silk dress and what the mystery woven around the name was, we didn't know, but we did know that among the Catholics in this village there were three women, and we wanted to visit them.

The way led along the



The women paused in their work to greet us.

main road for about two miles and then began to wind its way through rice paddies and little villages at the foot of mountains, until finally we found ourselves at our destination, Losat's ancestral home. Losat, by way of introduction, became a Catholic four years ago, after a search for the Church which took thirty years. Since her baptism she has been the apostle in her section. She is old and thin and gray-haired, but she has a purpose in life and expresses it freely to those around her: "You'll never be at peace until you worship the Lord of Heaven!" Many are the dying babies that she has made heirs of heaven; and, above all, she lives her Faith, frequently walking sixteen miles to church to receive the sacraments.

Losat's smile greeted us as we wended the narrow path up to her village, almost hidden by a huge wall which surrounds it. It was noon, and she just had to make us feel at home. Disappearing into the dark kitchen, she soon emerged bearing aloft proudly a bowl of hard-boiled eggs dipped in steaming wine. This is a Chinese delicacy which tastes good, but it is too slippery for foreigners to handle gracefully with chopsticks. There's many a slip twixt the cup—or rather, the stick—and the lip! However, the eggs were consumed somehow, and soon other wo-

men drifted in from the fields and formed an interested group around us. Here our audience was a different one. At "The Village of the Well" there were few pagans, but here almost the entire village was pagan. Here we formed the nucleus of a Rosary Sodality, making Losat the leader. For the pagans, we had something to offer, too: "In the eighth month will arrive 'study-the-doctrine time' at the Sisters' house. Come and see!"

Everywhere there were friendly smiles and interest, as we walked the road to "The Village of Dangerous Rapid River." Many an old lady heard for the first time about the Lord of Heaven, and many a young woman thrilled with a hitherto-unknown hope that she, even she, burdened with family cares, could attain to the happiness of being a loved one of God.

"The Village of Dangerous Rapid River" boasted only two Catholics, one a woman of fifty and one a little girl of eight. This woman was from Mauritius, one of the many places to which the Hakka Chinese migrate. She had kept the Faith in spite of the fact that, when her husband brought her to his ancestral village in China, she discovered waiting for her the first wife, whom she had not known existed. After supper a little gathering awaited us in our room, which had been newly swept and garnished since our arrival. Except for the Mauri-

tian woman and her grandchild, the little group was an entirely pagan one, made up of women from within the village. Here, again, we had an opportunity to show the chart pictures and to sow the seed for the first time in these hearts. It was a quiet and reverent group that finally drifted away, each with a holy picture for her room, for they, too, wanted to be Catholics.

The next morning, bright and early, off we went to "The Ravine of the People Named Tch'in," where another Catholic woman lived. This section was a ravine-like valley, with hills on either side and little villages spreading themselves out on both slopes of the hills. The woman's home lay some distance in the hills, and as we walked along we excited much comment. As a result, there were many opportunities to advertise our mission, the mission of the Catholic Church. The old lady was delighted to see us, and we marveled at the ardent faith which continued to glow so brightly in her heart, in spite of evidences everywhere of the superstitions practiced by the pagans of the household. Even in her kitchen still reposed the little shrine to the kitchen god; and, noting our surprise on seeing it there, she hastened to explain that her daughter-in-law was a great one for shrines! "But I say my morning and night prayers—and believe in the true Spirit, God." And

(Continued on page 28)



We showed them pictures portraying the life of Christ.

RI AKI was just one of the many millions of pagan girls in Korea—industrious, respectful toward her elders, circumspect in all her actions. The people of her village said she would make a good wife for one of the local youths some day. As yet she had no Christian name, nor did she know the foreigners in the town, who represented the Catholic religion. Many of the poorer people of the community were interested in the teachings of the new church on the hill, but her own family was content with its ancestor worship and veneration of the spirits, especially of the great Evil One.

There was another foreign religion in town; it had originally come from America, but the head of it was a native Korean—a “minister,” they called him. Aki had never gone to that church, although it was the largest in that part of the country. It cost a great deal of money to belong to that church, and only the rich could enjoy such a religion. Very likely the new church on the hill was much the same! Ri Aki didn’t know much about it, except what she gathered from local conversation.

There was a difference in the dress of these foreigners. They wore long black gowns. She fancied she’d be very frightened to meet one of them. Some said they were very stern; others told her they were extremely wealthy. All, however, were convinced that the American priests were kind, especially to the poor. Children who could not go to the Government school were accepted there free of charge. Perhaps some day she would stroll up the hill to have a “look-see” for herself.

Then, one night after she had fallen asleep, this pagan girl had a strange dream. She saw a beautiful lady all dressed in white at her side. The lady’s smile was entrancing. In the sweetest of voices the lady addressed her: “My child, you must go to the church on the hill as soon as possible and ask the priest to teach you the Catholic doctrine.” That was all she said. With an



LADY IN WHITE

**Ways that lead to God are many and varied.
Father Allie's story gives one example.**

assuring look from her lovely eyes the lady disappeared, but all that night the girl felt the presence in her room. Who could she be?

Next day Ri Aki mentioned the dream to her mother. There was no one they knew who corresponded to the description of the strange lady in white. Plucking up courage, she walked up the hill to the foreign church. Timidly she asked for the priest and was rather relieved to find that he was absent at the time. However, there was a catechist on hand, and Aki told him of her dream. The catechist, an experienced man in matters relating to the spiritual welfare of his own people, told her she had been especially favored with a visit from the Mother of God. He gave her a catechism to read and urged her to visit the church again to talk with the pastor.

She went again and this time met the priest, who spoke kindly to her. She was not afraid of him at all. He listened attentively to her story, and when she had finished he explained to her the identity of the beautiful lady in white. He showed her some pictures of the beautiful lady, but the pagan girl did not think them as beautiful as the lady of her vision.

She began immediately to study the doctrine, just as the lady had commanded; and on the feast of Our Lady's Purification, for her baptismal name, she will take the name of MARY in honor of the beautiful lady of her dream.

In Journeyings Often

(Continued from page 27)

she did; we felt it, and thanked God for it.

The bus had arrived, and our mission trip was over—but not ended. The people went back to their daily tasks in field and village, which now glowed with a new light, for the feet of Christ had passed that way and the voice of Christ had spoken words which in God's own time would find their fulfillment.



THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF

MARYKNOLL :: NEW YORK



Books - Pamphlets - Story Leaflets - Magazines - Plays - Exhibits - Films - Books

THE PEN AND THE SWORD

"Would you give a world to Christ? Build Him churches; love the beauty of His house, and the place where His glory dwelleth. But do not overlook the most powerful and far-reaching means of all to bring Him into His own. Support the Catholic press that is translating Him in eloquence and power to a world that lives by the printed word."

The kingdom of heaven is taken by storm, we are taught to believe, and we can readily acknowledge such wisdom when the violence of men's mere words begins to tear down or build up the kingdoms of heaven or earth. There is nothing more impressive in the world of printed words today than the insidious propaganda of communism; there is nothing more powerful in the writings of men than the inspired words of the first apostles and evangelists. Wind of words may be contemptuously ignored, but when the words are concentrated into print, the wind stirs up the storms that make or break the kingdoms.

The kingdom of Christ is founded on one Word. And that one Word is Truth. And all the other little words of mortal men converging towards that one Word of God accidentally increase its mightiness, until the breath of the Spirit of Truth enkindles all men and all their words into that tremendous ideal which we call Catholic Action and the Church calls the apostolate and Christ calls His kingdom. Being men of deeds as well as words, we have to set our whole selves into the motion of Catholic Action. The Catholic Action of the Catholic Press demands more than an editorial word, and so, here are some of our suggestions to you for Catholic Press Month. The Maryknoll Bookshelf offers to you:

PRESS POSTERS—belonging to that family of the printed advertising word which often starts you off on a journey, a book, an adventure, or a completely new experience. In this case, the poster is a signpost to the reading of apostolic literature.

PRESS EXHIBIT—presenting the world of yesterday, today, and tomorrow in Maryknoll books, magazines, pamphlets, and story leaflets. They are "good mixers" because they go together as one whole exhibit or they join up companionably with the rest of your press exhibit.

BOOK OFFERS—which are our premium to you for the

(Continued on page 31)

.....PRESS MONTH BOOK OFFERS.....

THE FIFTY-CENT OFFER

\$2.00 value for \$.50

- 1 book** —The Maryknoll Movement \$1.00
6 pamphlets —Coolie of St. Joseph, 10,000 Questions About China, Christ in Japan, Marriage in Manchuria-Land, Schools in China, Captive for Christ .30
24 stories —Maryknoll Story Leaflets .20
1 magazine —*The Field Afar* for six months .50

**During
Press
Month
\$.50**

\$2.00

THE TWO-DOLLAR OFFER

\$4.35 value for \$2.00

- 3 books** —Grey Dawns and Red Father McShane of Maryknoll 1.10
 The Maryknoll Movement 1.00
1 magazine —*The Field Afar* for one year 1.00

**During
Press
Month
\$2.00**

\$4.35

THE FOUR-DOLLAR OFFER

\$9.10 value for \$4.00

- 6 books** —Bluegowns 1.50
 Dragon Treasure 1.75
 The Maryknoll Movement 1.00
 Our Kateri 1.50
 Grey Dawns and Red Father McShane of Maryknoll 1.10
1 magazine —*The Field Afar* for one year 1.00

**During
Press
Month
\$4.00**

\$9.10

.....The Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll, New York

Send me:

..... sets of the Fifty-Cent Offer (\$2.00 value for \$.50)—\$.....

..... sets of the Two-Dollar Offer (\$4.35 value for \$2.00)—\$.....

..... sets of the Four-Dollar Offer (\$9.10 value for \$4.00)—\$.....

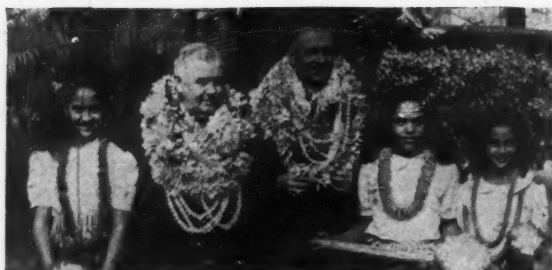
I enclose \$.....

Bill me ☐

Name

Address

On the Maryknoll Newsfront



Bishop Boyle of Pittsburgh and Bishop Leach of Harrisburg are welcomed by Maryknoll school children in Honolulu.

A WINTER cruise for those who travel via THE FIELD AFAR must necessarily include a visit to the Hawaiian Islands—garden spot of the Pacific—where Maryknollers have many activities. Four Maryknoll priests and one Brother are at Honolulu's Sacred Heart parish—one of the largest in that city. Maryknoll Sisters, numbering seventy-five, conduct Sacred Heart elementary and high school as well as schools in St. Anthony's parish and St. Augustine's parish. Outside the city of Honolulu the Sisters have an elementary school and children's home at Wailuku, and an elementary school at Heeia.

Boats sailing from the Pacific Coast for the Orient usually stop at Honolulu, where visitors from the homeland find a welcome. Among recent visitors at Maryknoll-in-Honolulu were their Excellencies, Bishop Boyle of Pittsburgh and Bishop Leach of Harrisburg. Hawaiian leis of fragrant flowers were presented to the visitors by Maryknoll school girls, dressed in hula skirts. The episcopal visitors were as delighted with their visit as were the Maryknollers to welcome two good friends from the mainland.



At a sidewalk bookstall in Hong Kong

of sightseers from all over the world (more than two and a half million visitors come there each year, says the local Chamber of Commerce); it was the first permanent capital of the Empire, and now it contains the first church to be built in real Japanese style. In the church yard are swings and slides and a pool for the children, as well as a tennis court, but as yet no school. Father Felsecker, who likes his new mission, misquotes Scripture with, "Nara it is to be here."

SOUTH CHINA

is the next stop for our cruise. Here we meet at Hong Kong the group of Maryknollers who starred in last July's departure ceremony. They are deep in the study of the Chinese language, but not so deep that one of them could not accompany us for a "look-see" at some of the city's sights. We were interested especially in a group of young people gathered at a sidewalk bookstall. All were quite engrossed in the numberless little books and pamphlets on display.

We learned from a Chinese bibliophile who knows, that "in Shanghai alone, in one year, two hundred and forty-three books were translated from various sources into Chinese; of these, four or five were merely innocuous, but all the others were either evil or harmful." Our young cicerone sighs for the day when he may be able to direct the minds of Chinese youth towards a "decency in literature" campaign. In this he but echoes the wishes of the bishop of Hong Kong, Most Reverend Henry Valtorta, who said recently: "We all know that Hong Kong is flooded, literally flooded, with indecent and communistic books and pamphlets. Every street has its stalls and distributors. These productions have even been thrust into my hand."



Chopsticks and etudes are in Haruko's repertoire.

While war conditions have made the tasks of missionaries greater, giving them less leisure for the work of translating good books, the same exigency has been used by others to spread harmful works. Yet Catholic Chinese are not idle, and we should soon have a goodly number of worthwhile translations for young, reading China.

NARA

The next stop of our midwinter cruise brings us to Japan, where we find a Milwaukee Maryknoller, Father Felsecker, installed as pastor in beautiful Nara. We asked Father the meaning of the city's name and learned that the symbol for NA means "how" while RA is "good"; in other words, "How good!" (Quam bonum). We found it good in more senses than one: Nara is the Mecca



Father Quirk of New Hampshire finds Manchukuo much colder.

THE COLD NORTHLAND

is worthy of a visit, if only to appreciate more the return of spring. As the boat pulls into Dairen, in Manchukuo, we are greeted by fur-clad Maryknollers, whose breath in the icy air has silvered the fur of their coats. From the northernmost mission we are greeted by Father Michael Henry, who thrives on thirty-below temperatures. Not so some of his Man-

chu neighbors, though. We had a glimpse at his diary which tells us: "I found a poor cripple in the streets yesterday, so I had him brought to the mission, where I baptized him at once. He was in rather bad shape and would have died from the cold of the streets. This morning he died very peacefully and happily. We made a coffin for him and laid him away in our little cemetery."

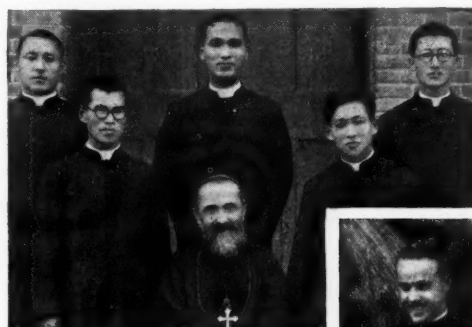
KOREAN KLAS

One of our first missionaries to begin work in the Korean peninsula maintained that the language of that people must have been invented by the devil to discourage missionaries from working in the *Land of the Morning Calm*. The two tyros of the last departure group, who were assigned to the Heijo Mission, however, were smiling as we greeted them on their way to language study. Perhaps

they have found a short cut to success. In any event, their teachers tell us that they are surmounting the difficulties of periphrastics and should be ready for active mission work before they are a year old in the country of their adoption.

As we again reach our own shores we are delighted to find in America this praise of our cofounders from the pen of John J. O'Connor:

"When the saintly founders of Maryknoll, Bishop James Anthony Walsh and Father Price, inaugurated their fruitful venture in the Far East, they believed that the expansion of charity involved in foreign missions could not fail to stimulate and benefit the home missions. They prophesied that the foreign effort, by a natural and supernatural reaction, would witness an increase of zeal for the home effort. Their prophecy has come true. Interest in the home missions has never been so lively as at the present time. The 'other sheep' of our own country have been calling for missionaries for a century. We are at long last beginning to answer that imperative call."



Korean priests ordained in Seoul by Bishop Larribeau.

Two tyros in Korea.



(Continued from page 29)

celebration of Catholic Press Month this year. We want you to read our books because we wish to give you a share in our own apostolate; hence, our selling prices are at cost.

These items are not mere decorations; they happen to be closely associated with that one Word we called Truth a little way back. A man can wear a sword for show, but, when he begins to wield it, it magically turns into a pen which writes the destinies of men and kingdoms. So you can wear our publications at your Press Exhibit, but when you have implanted their contents in the consciousness of other reading minds the penned and printed word of Catholic Truth will be drawn out of the scabbard and once more the pen will become the sword of Truth.

And what's the answer to this riddle?

"The pen is mightier than the sword" only because the pen in action is the drawn sword unsheathed in defense of Truth.

• EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 443.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Heijo in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They count 64,817 Catholics.
8. They are winning approximately 7,500 adult converts a year.

Provide for yourself when you write your will!

I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic
Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll,
New York*.....

(Here insert amount of legacy.)

This legacy to be used by the said Catholic Foreign
Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purpose for
which it is incorporated.

*In Massachusetts, use: C.F.M.S. of A.,
Inc., of Bedford, Mass.

In California, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc.,
of Mountain View, Santa Clara Co., Calif.

In Pennsylvania, use: Maryknoll Col-
lege, Inc., of Clarks Summit.

In Missouri, use: The Maryknoll Fa-
thers, Inc., of St. Louis, Mo.

For further information
address:

**The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.**



WHERE ALL MANKIND IS ONE

Help bring all to the
foot of the Cross.

**The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.**

Send a Support-A-Missioner ten-
dime card so that I may support a mis-
sioner for one day.

Send cards for friends.

Name

Address

☐ I should like to do this each month.

A List of Catholic Schools

Schools for Boys—

University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio
Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem.,
Emmitsburg, Md.
Sacred Hearts Academy,
No. Fairhaven, Mass.
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.
St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt.
St. Aloysius Academy for Boys,
West Chester, Pa.

Colleges and Academies for Girls—

Trinity College, Washington, D. C.
St. Xavier College,
4928 Xavier Pk., Chicago, Ill.
Barat College & Academy of Sacred
Heart, Lake Forest, Ill.
Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.
College of Notre Dame of Maryland,
Baltimore, Md.
St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.
Maryville College, Meramec St. &
Nebraska Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Mt. St. Mary's College, Hooksett, N. H.
Georgian Court College, Lakewood, N.J.
The College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y.
College of Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson,
N. Y. C.
Marymount College & School,
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.
Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.
Academy of Our Lady of Mercy,
Milford, Conn.
Junior College and Academy of the
Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind.
Notre Dame of Maryland High School,
Baltimore, Md.
Marycliff Academy,
Arlington Heights, Mass.
Mt. St. Joseph Academy, Brighton, Mass.
Sacred Hearts Academy,
No. Fairhaven, Mass.
Academy of the Sacred Heart,
Fall River, Mass.
Jeanne d'Arc Academy, Milton, Mass.
Academy of the Visitation,
5448 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Saint Vincent Academy,
226 W. Market St., Newark, N. J.
Academy of St. Joseph, Brentwood, N.Y.
St. Clare's School, Hastings-on-
Hudson, Mount Hope, N. Y.
Academy of the Holy Child Jesus,
630 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.
Academy of The Holy Child, Suffern, N.Y.
Our Lady of Mercy Academy,
Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.
Mater Misericordiae Academy,
Merion (Phila.), Pa.
Villa Maria Convent,
Montreal, Quebec, Canada
St.-Ann-on-the-Lake Academy,
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Schools of Nursing—

St. Camillus School of Training,
Gull Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Santa Rosa Infirmary, School of
Nursing, San Antonio, Tex.

NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND CHARLES STREET :: BALTIMORE

Catholic College for Women conducted
by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Aca-
demic Department—High School Course of
College Preparatory Grade, Elementary
Department, Music, Art, Physical Culture.
For Catalogue, address: The Secretary.

ADDRESSES

The Maryknoll Fathers

Central Administration and Major Seminary, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.
 Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford, Mass.
 Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa.
 Maryknoll Junior Seminaries:
 Akron, Ohio, 1075 W. Market St.
 Cincinnati, Ohio, 6700 Beechmont Ave.
 Detroit, Mich., 9001 Dexter Blvd.
 Mountain View P.O., Cal.
 St. Louis, Mo., 4569 W. Pine Blvd.

Houses of Study:

Hong Kong, Maryknoll House, Stanley
 Rome, Italy, Via Sardegna, 83

Honolulu, T.H., 1701 Wilder Ave.
 Los Angeles, Cal., 222 S. Hewitt St.
 Manila, P.I., St. Rita's Hall
 New York City, 121 E. 39th St.
 San Francisco, Cal., 1492 McAllister St.
 San Juan Bautista, Cal.
 Seattle, Wash., 1603 E. Jefferson St.

Missions: Central Addresses

For Fushun missionaries: Catholic Mission, Fushun, Manchukuo

For Kaying missionaries: Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For Kongmoon missionaries: Catholic Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, China

For Kweilin missionaries: Catholic Mission, Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China

For Kyoto missionaries: Maryknoll, Kyoto, Japan

For Korea missionaries: Catholic Mission, P.O. Box 23, Heijo, Korea

For Wuchow missionaries: Catholic Mission, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

The Maryknoll Sisters

Central Addresses

Motherhouse and administration: Maryknoll, N. Y.

Hawaii: 1508 Alexander St., Honolulu

Japan: Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku, Kyoto, Japan

Korea: Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsukuri, Box 23, Heijo, Korea

Manchukuo: Catholic Mission, Dairen Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila
 South China: Waterloo Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong

Maryknoll Members

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1.00 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year and, in addition to receiving THE FIELD AFAR, share in 13,000 Masses yearly and in the prayers, labors, and privations of the missionaries.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50 designated for this purpose, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person likewise becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

DECEASED MEMBERS

Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. McGuire; Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. O'Connor; Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. Hofeltz; Rev. R. Byrne; Rev. D. O'Connell; Rev. M. Battle; Rev. J. Lynch; Rev. J. Hobson; Rev. J. Ryan; Rev. M. Murphy; Rev. T. Holland; Rev. A. Korres; Rev. V. Schuette; Rev. J. Zadzona; Rev. C. Clever; Rev. H. Wolfe; Rev. R. Quinlisk; Rev. F. Brinkmann; Rev. P. Schroeder; Rev. P. Leahy; Sr. M. Celestine; Sr. M. Leonarda; Sr. A. Reardon, R.S.M.; Sr. M. Leonarda Dunn; Sr. M. of St. Michael; Sr. M. Felix; Sr. M. Ursula; Sr. M. Angelita; Mr. O. Allie; Mrs. J. Eckstein; Mrs. A. Escalante; Mr. R. Batt; Mrs. M. Donovan; Mr. T. Comber; Miss H. Regan; Miss M. Luken; Mrs. Byrne; Mr. J. Sabia; Mrs. E. Fitzpatrick; Miss A. Ryan; Mr. J. Scamuck; Mr. J. Sargis; Miss M. Rogers; Miss E. McManus; Mrs. N. Barrett; Mrs. H. Ward; Mr. J. Gandit; Mrs. E. Friez; Mrs. C. Doucette; Mr. N. Kelley; Mrs. K. O'Brien; Mr. J. Regan; Miss M. Wallace; Dr. R. Rice; Miss M. Cumiskey; Mrs. A. Eckenspergers; Mr. J. Willenborg; Mrs. P. Herb; Mr. T. Reynolds; Miss J. Fay; Mrs. M. Power; Miss C. Hirsch; Miss P. Caren; Mrs. S. Doyle; Mr. E. O'Connor; Mr. J. O'Connell; Miss D. O'Brien; Mr. Zimmerman; Dr. J. B. Lynch; Mr. H. Hebblewaite; Mrs. W. Batten; Miss M. Gettinger; Miss A. Dwyer; Mr. J. Powers; Mr. B. Conifrey; Miss J. Lalor; Mr. T. Brennan; Mr. W. Shipsey; Mrs. E. Pratz; Mrs. L. Loss; Mr. J. Stuart; Miss F. Walsh; Mr. J. Scheer; Mr. J. Mahoney; Miss C. McDermott.

PERPETUAL MEMBERS

Living: Benefactor: M. McD.; Members: Rev. D. J. H.; Rev. E. H.; J. J. L.; M. F.; J. A. B.; A. N. P. & Relatives; F. K.; Mrs. J. E.; E. T. & Relatives; Mr. & Mrs. P. C. & Family; J. F. C. & Relatives; Mrs. J. C. M. & Relatives; J. M. O'B. & Relatives; J. E. M. & Relatives; G. C. & Relatives; Mrs. J. E. M. & Relatives; Mrs. J. B. & Relatives; Mrs. M. P. F. & Relatives; Dr. & Mrs. T. F. McN.; Mrs. C. S. K. & Relatives; Mrs. A. M. & Relatives; Mrs. H. B. & Relatives; Mr. & Mrs. E. E. & Relatives; C. H. McC. & Relatives; A. O'H. & Relatives; Mrs. A. K. & Relatives; Mrs. E. W. C. & Relatives; Miss B. M. W. & Relatives; Reverend Mother M. P. & Sisters; T. C.; The M. Family; Relatives of Mrs. M. C. J.; M. E. McC. & Relatives; M. E. D. & Relatives; Mrs. J. J. S. & Relatives; Mr. E. P. R. & Relatives; Mrs. J. M. W. & Relatives; Mrs. T. O. & Relatives; M. E. L.; M. W. S.; M. & R. N. & Family; E. G. L. & Relatives; J. G. & Relatives; M. A. H. & Relatives; M. E. & Relatives; J. V. & Relatives; Mrs. N. J. A. & Relatives; Mrs. C. M. & Relatives; Mrs. C. B. & Relatives; Mrs. E. McD. & Relatives; E. K. & Relatives; Mrs. B. C. & Relatives; Mrs. F. L. & Relatives; Mrs. J. F. N. & Relatives; T. C. & Relatives; M. M. D. & Relatives; Mrs. J. B. M. & Relatives.

Deceased: Benefactors: Rev. M. Toelle; Rev. M. J. Murphy; J. T. Lilly; D. Murphy. Members: Rev. J. E. Ryan; Rev. M. Tighe; Rev. J. Harlin; Mr. A. Murphy; K. Manning; Dr. C. Parker; A. Berg; C. & E. Finegan; J. Egan; A. Weber; Ahearn Group; M. Walsh Casey; K. Crowley.

PETER J. CAREY & SONS, INC., PRINTERS

MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF

presents
during

CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

material to complete
your PRESS EXHIBIT:

MAGAZINES

PAMPHLETS

STORY LEAFLETS

BOOKS

for display purposes, and
a quantity of material for
free distribution.

The Maryknoll Bookshelf,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

We should like to take advantage of your Catholic Press Month offer for our exhibit at

My Name

Address

**GRIEF
ENDS AT
THE CROSS**



WHERE ALL MANKIND IS ONE

See page 32.

The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

